

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 962

MAY 5, 1888

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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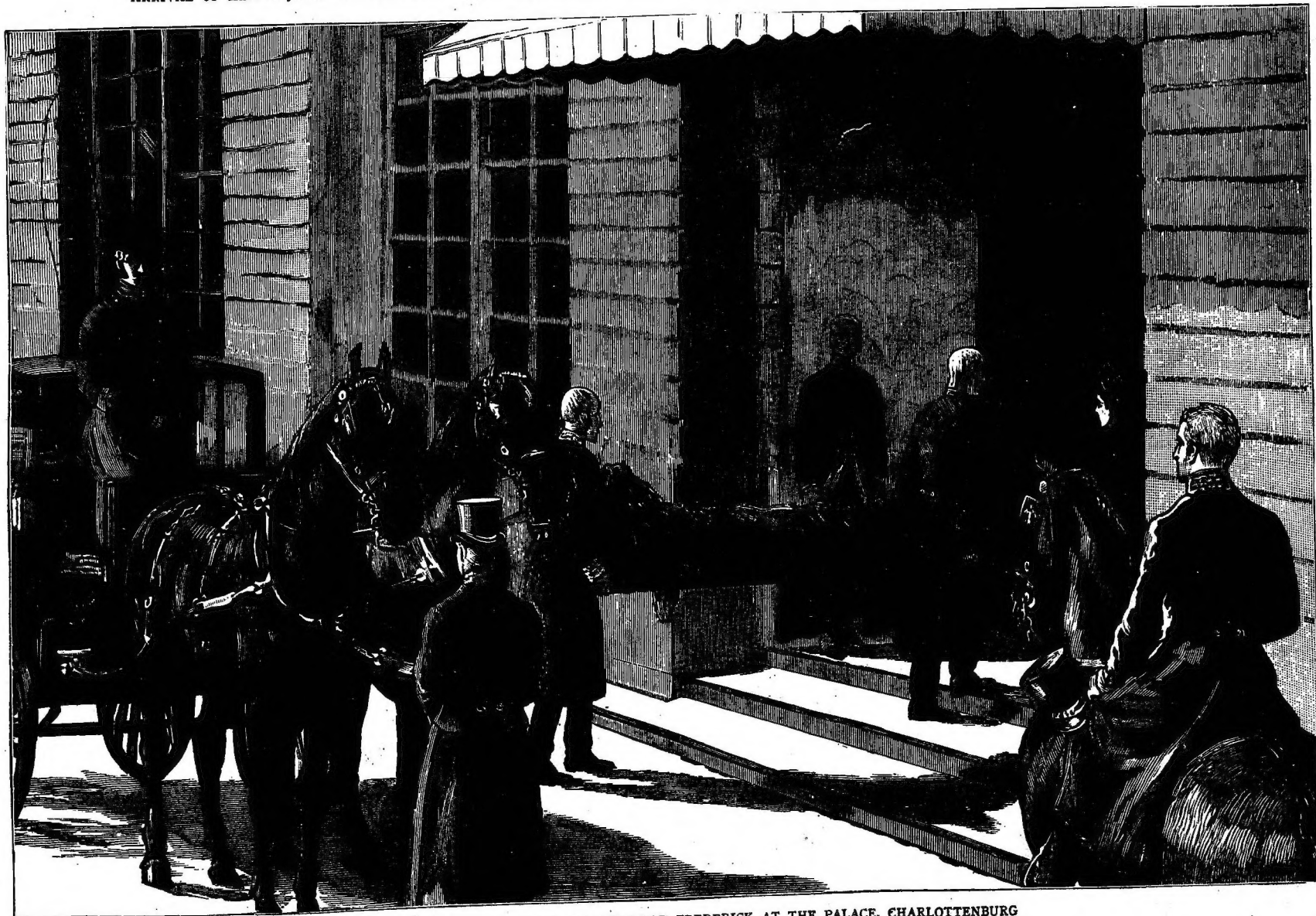
ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE RAILWAY STATION, CHARLOTTENBURG—THE QUEEN ESCORTED TO HER CARRIAGE BY CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM



THE EMPRESS-MOTHER VISITING THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT THE PALACE, CHARLOTTENBURG

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BERLIN  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



which he is personally assailed. Last Session, it must be admitted, the Government seemed to pledge themselves that he was not to receive a salary; and perhaps they would have acted wisely if, on Monday evening, they had acknowledged that they had committed a mistake. Indeed, on its merits, the question presents no difficulty. Colonel King-Harman does a great deal of hard work in the service of the State, and it is right that, like others who do the same, he should be paid for his labours. The Parnellites, even if we look at the matter from their own point of view, are not well advised in making so much fuss about a trifling matter of this sort. The appointment of Colonel King-Harman makes no real difference to them or their cause. If he were not an Irish Under-Secretary, some one else would be appointed to take his place under a different name. Home Rule would have a far better chance of success if those who believe in it would present their case in a generous spirit, without attempting to cause needless pain or annoyance to individual opponents.

**THE MILITARY HORSE RESERVE.**—Mr. Stanhope has hit upon a more excellent way of fostering "our unrivalled breed of horses" than by giving prizes for screws to win. The new War Office Circular should certainly effect that purpose, although intended for one entirely different. It offers a retaining fee of ten shillings per annum for horses belonging to private owners in the metropolis which comply with certain physical conditions. Those placed on the register will be liable to inspection from time to time by Government officials, and, in the event of any great national emergency occurring, the State will have the right to buy them right out on terms prescribed in the Circular. This arrangement will place at the disposal of the War Office, for instant use, some thousands of horses adapted for military transport, a great help were the Volunteers called out. But we do not exactly understand why the offer should be confined to the metropolis. The South of England is by no means the only part of the country where a reserve of horses is needed for the troops. Military experts affirm that this deficiency affects the whole Home Establishment, both first line and second lines. It may be that Mr. Stanhope wishes to try the experiment on a comparatively small scale to begin with, even as, in the companion case of the mercantile marine reserve, only a few ships were taken up by the Government at first. Horse owners may not care to subject their stables to official inspection for such slight compensation as half a sovereign per annum for each animal on the register. Even that small sum might tempt the little men, but they are excluded from the offer, it being only open to those who own twenty horses or more. Be the result what it may, however, the proposal is a step in the right direction of trying to organise all the resources of the kingdom for defensive purposes. Judging from recent campaigns, wars are likely to become shorter and sharper as the years roll by, and of all the more importance, therefore, is it for England to shake off her sluggish habit of trusting to her staying power to make amends for initial unpreparedness.

**MIDDLE-CLASS SCHOOLS.**—The debate in the House of Commons last week on middle-class schools ought to mark an era in the history of these institutions. It was certainly time that Parliament should direct attention to the subject. We have no particular reason to be proud of our elementary schools, which, as every one familiar with them knows, stand in urgent need of reform. Still, they represent at least a sincere attempt to deal with the problem of popular education. If we look from the bottom to the top of the social scale, we find that constant efforts are being made to bring our great public schools into harmony with modern needs and ideas. Between these two classes of schools are our middle schools, and for them nothing has hitherto been done. The result is what might have been expected. There are, of course, some good middle schools in England; but, as a rule, they are far inferior to corresponding institutions in the countries which we are forced to regard as our rivals. Yet it cannot be pretended that the training of the children of clerks and shopkeepers is a matter of less importance than that of any other children. The Government have pledged themselves to take the whole question into serious consideration, and it is to be hoped that they will not be allowed to forget their promise. The establishment of State schools for the middle classes may not be possible or desirable, but the public authorities may at least be asked to see that no one shall be allowed to undertake educational duties for which he or she is wholly incompetent. We do not permit untrained men and women to set up as doctors. Why should schoolmasters and schoolmistresses have liberty which is denied to persons who may wish to join the medical profession?

**MR. DALGLEISH.**—The brief announcement of the assassination of an Anglo-Indian named Dalgleish in a remote part of Asia is, no doubt, "caviare to the general" to the vast majority of English folk. Yet he was a notable man in his way—a representative of those irrepressible adventurers who laid the foundations of our Indian Empire. Had Mr. Dalgleish been a Russian, he would probably have received decorations for services rendered to "civilisation" by exploring trade-routes which might subsequently have become of value for military purposes. But, being a Briton, he found his reward in the performance of work which no

one else cared to undertake. It was a desperate endeavour to attempt to create profitable trade between British India and Yarkand. To say nothing of the lawlessness of the Kashgarians, the length and difficulties of the road were enough to scare even M. Lessar himself. But, with British tenacity of purpose, Mr. Dalgleish journeyed to and fro, quite single-minded in his belief that commercial relations could be established between Lahore and Yarkand on a mutually profitable basis. At one time his enthusiasm communicated itself to some wealthy people in the Punjab, who established a trading company, and despatched a great caravan as the pioneer of their enterprise. But, through one cause and another, the experiment failed as a commercial venture, and Mr. Dalgleish was once more thrown on his own resources. That did not trouble him much: a sort of Stanley, he struggled on by himself, never wavering in his conviction that Kashgaria might be brought into commercial relationship with Hindostan. And in that belief he died at the foot of the terrible Karakoram Pass, perhaps the most awful defile in the world. He was not killed by the natives of those arid regions, it appears; the telegraphic statement imputes his death to a Pathan, who was probably a traveller like himself. However the tragedy came about, the loss to England is not slight. She wants more Dalgleishes—men of iron resolution and fixed purpose—to penetrate into inaccessible places, carrying with them the peaceful message, "Come, trade with us, and be our friends."

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT SHAKESPEARE," II., written by Thomas Archer.

**TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.**—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.



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Applications for Season Tickets to be made to  
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FAUST.—To-night at Eight.—Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.  
**THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON.**—Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MAY 7, EDMUND TEARLE and COMPANY.  
**BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at SEVEN (Wednesday excepted).  
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**TO ARTISTS, and ART STUDENTS, and AMATEURS.**  
Some years ago a "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF WOOD ENGRAVING was established, which has since been eminently successful in producing some engravers of talent, all of whom are now employed on the permanent staff of "THE GRAPHIC."  
It is now proposed to found a SCHOOL FOR ARTISTS, who will be instructed in the different methods of producing Black and White Drawings, most suitable for Engraving on Wood, or for the different processes now employed for Illustrations here, and on the Continent.  
It is generally well known that some of our foremost Artists have first distinguished themselves in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC," before making their great reputation as Painters. The names of LUKE FILDES, FRANK HOLL, HENRY WOODS, E. J. GREGORY, R. W. MACBETH, and HERBERT HERKOMER of the Royal Academy may be cited as examples, and if we wish to hold our own among European Art-Workers, it is highly necessary that this most important branch should be encouraged, and that all the Prizes should not be suffered to fall into the hands of French and German Artists.  
**REGULATIONS FOR ADMISSION.**  
1. Each candidate (who must not be more than twenty-five years of age), will be required to send to the DIRECTOR of "THE GRAPHIC," 190, STRAND, W.C. (with stamped and addressed envelope for their return), a Set of Original Sketches of FIGURE SUBJECTS.  
2. They may consist of either scenes of actual events, portraits from life, drawings from animals, or humorous sketches.  
3. Studies from Still Life, the Antique, or Landscape sketches cannot be received.  
4. The Candidate must state his age and address, and mark outside the packet, "Drawings for Competition."  
5. No Premium will be required. The students will be chosen according to the merit of the drawings submitted, but after selection they will have a fortnight's trial before being definitely accepted.  
The instruction from capable Masters will be free, but the Students must find their own materials, and share the expense of models.  
The hours of attendance (from 9.30 to 5) will have to be strictly kept, and the Student will be liable to dismissal if not considered sufficiently diligent or competent.  
The Director of "THE GRAPHIC" may at any time propose to make an agreement with the Student to retain his services for a term at a fixed salary, to be mutually agreed upon.  
NOTE.—It will save correspondence to state that the remuneration depends entirely on the industry and capability of the Students, but there is no doubt that a large field of employment is open for clever artists in illustrating different publications, and that the yearly incomes at the present time derived from this source range from two hundred to two thousand pounds.  
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**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.**—The EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, the 7th of MAY. Admission from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., except on the First Day, when it opens at 10 a.m. 1s. Catalogues 1s. and 1s. 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

**THE NEW GALLERY.**—The SUMMER EXHIBITION will be OPEN to the public on WEDNESDAY, May 9.

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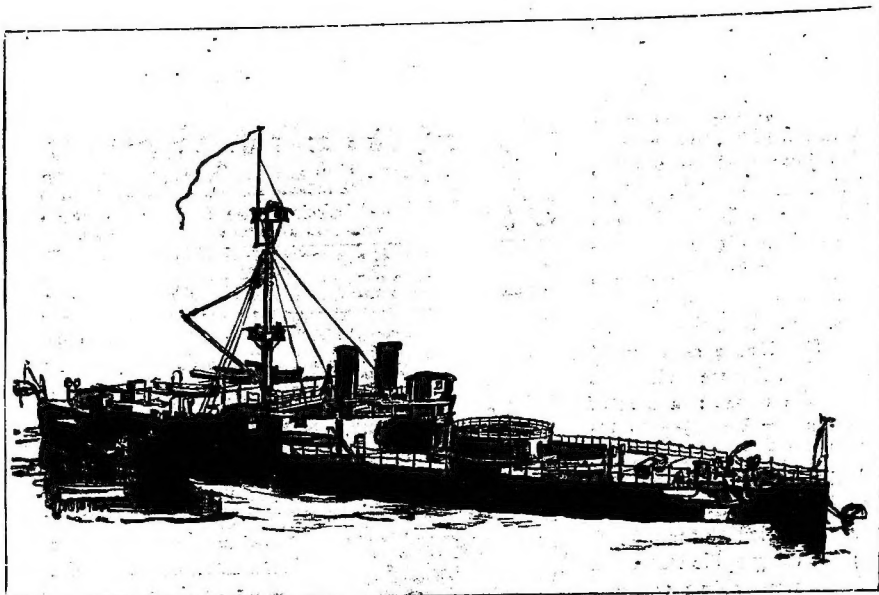
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**FOR** full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage Circus Office.  
(By Order) A. SARGLE, Secretary and General Manager

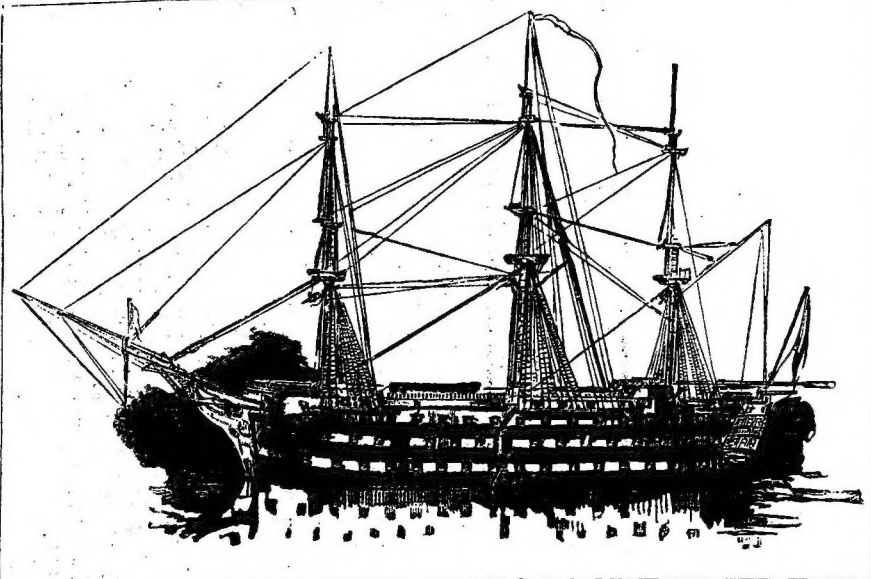
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In consequence of the continuous and increasing demand for this popular picture, from a painting by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., executed expressly for, and issued with, "THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER of 1880, it has now, for the second time, been  
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A SILVER MODEL OF H.M.S. "VICTORIA," (1887)



A SILVER MODEL OF H.M.S. "BRITANNIA," (1837)

MEMORIAL GIFT TO THE QUEEN FROM THE ROYAL NAVY AND THE ROYAL MARINES

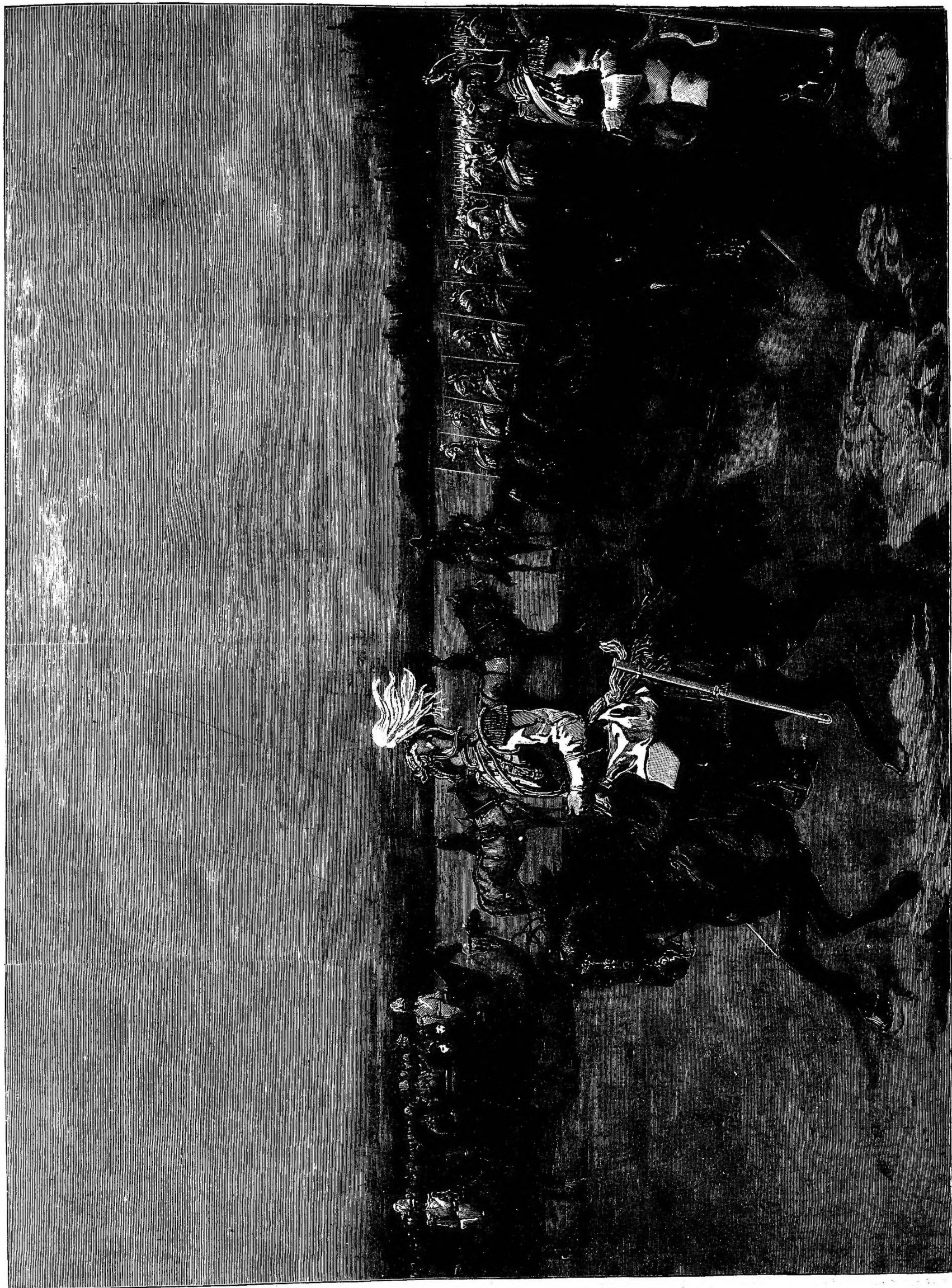


HER MAJESTY AT THE ENGLISH CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE



HER MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE PALACE, CHARLOTTENBURG  
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BERLIN  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST





REVIEW OF THE GARDE DU CORPS BEFORE THE QUEEN, THE EMPRESS VICTORIA, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY  
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BERLIN  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST





### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY

HER MAJESTY'S visit to Germany, though bearing a strictly private and personal character, has been in every way successful, and will doubtless have the effect of inducing a kindlier feeling towards England than has prevailed in Berlin for some years past. The Queen, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Berlin on Tuesday morning, April 24th, and her reception was strictly private. The Royal party were met at the station by the Empress and her daughters, the Crown Prince, the British Ambassador, Sir E. Malet, Lady Ermytrude Malet, and the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. There was some little difficulty in opening the carriage door, but, this having been done, the Crown Prince was the first to greet his grandmother, and then the Empress was warmly embraced by her mother, both Sovereigns being very deeply affected. Prince William then gave his arm to the Queen, and conducted her to her carriage, and the whole Imperial party then drove to Charlottenburg Palace. The Queen visited the Emperor almost immediately on her arrival—the Kaiser being still in bed—and is said to have been agreeably surprised to find him so little changed since she last met him on Jubilee Day, when he rode in the procession. Her Majesty made two other visits to the Emperor during the day. After luncheon the Queen, with the Empress, went to Berlin to see the Dowager-Empress Augusta, and subsequently visited the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the eldest daughter of the Emperor and Empress.

The apartments of the Queen were situated on the first floor of the wing of Charlottenburg Palace, built by Frederick the Great. As they had been long unoccupied they had been especially fitted up for Her Majesty, the decorations being superintended by an Englishman, Mr. Lock, with whom, however, the Empress had stipulated that only German workmen should be employed. The rooms numbered fourteen, and included the Trumpeters' Hall and the Golden Gallery, which was formerly used for State dinners, and the well-known Porcelain Room. The Queen's bedroom is described as being "very dainty"—the old furniture, such as the State bed, &c., having been utilised with admirable effect.

Wednesday was the annual day of Prayer and Penitence, and Her Majesty attended Divine Service at the Palace with the members of the Imperial Family. The Queen then received a number of visitors, including Prince Bismarck and the Dowager-Empress Augusta—who, despite her feeble condition, frequently pays a visit to her sick son, being carried into the Palace in the manner shown in one of our sketches. Her Majesty then drove into Berlin with the Empress and Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry, first taking five o'clock tea at the British Embassy, and then visiting the English Church of St. George, which has been built by the British residents at Berlin in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess in 1883. The Queen took great interest in the building, being shown over by the architect, Prof. Raschdorf, the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Earee, and the churchwardens, admired the stained-glass window which was presented by the Duke of Bedford in memory of the late Lord Amphil, and expressed regret that the stained-glass window presented by the British residents at Berlin in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee had not been placed in position. The Princess Beatrice offered to do some work for the church, and, on the clergyman informing her that certain white hangings for the pulpit and reading-desk were needed, undertook to supply them. Before leaving the church, the Queen, the Empress, Princess Beatrice, and the other members of the party inscribed their names in the record-book kept by the community.

Before leaving Berlin the Queen had expressed a wish to see the famous regiment of the Gardes du Corps, and accordingly a parade was held on Thursday afternoon. The Queen and Empress drove on to the grounds in an open carriage, and, after passing down the line, took their place at the saluting-point. The infantry went by first, the cavalry following them in parade march, and afterwards the troops defiled by at quick march, and at the trot. The Crown Prince placed himself each time at the head of the infantry, afterwards returning to the Queen's side. The parade lasted about half-an-hour, and Her Majesty expressed great pleasure at the sight. Though the weather was fine, the wind was most bitterly cold, but the temperature made no difference in the crowds waiting to see the Royal party pass by, or in the dense throng which remained before the Palace of Charlottenburg, patiently waiting, in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of their beloved Emperor should he be strong enough to rise, and for the daily bulletin which was posted at the corner of the guard-house. One day, the crowd espied the Queen crossing a corridor, followed by one of her Indian attendants, and raised loud cheers, to which Her Majesty responded by bowing and smiling. The greatest interest was taken by the Berliners in the Indian and Scottish retainers, who were generally asserted to be at the very least Rajahs and Highland chieftains of noble rank.

### MEMORIAL GIFT TO THE QUEEN

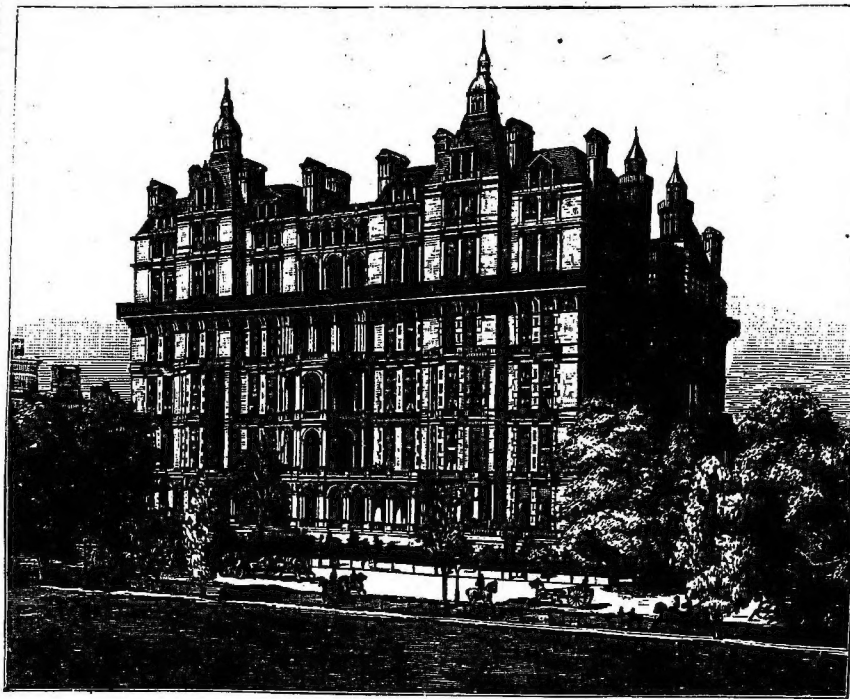
THERE has recently been on view, at the Royal United Service Institution, the memorial gift presented to Her Majesty by the Royal Naval and Marine Services. The gift consists of two models in silver of ships of war, respectively illustrating the Navy as it was when the Queen came to the throne, and as it is now. The year 1837 is represented by the *Britannia*, 120 gun three-decker ship. This model, including bowsprit and spanker-boom, is thirty-one and a-half inches long. The ship is built in silver, there being some 4,000 pieces, and her masts, bowsprit, and yards are built of more than 370 pieces. She has the elaborate stern, galleries, and carved side-ports of the old ship, and the rigging has been done with the assistance of an old blue-jacket. The ship is treated as though riding at anchor in harbour, the water being represented by a sheet of uneven silvered glass. The year 1887 is represented by the *Victoria*, which was launched last year. This model is thirty-four inches long, and has been made from a set of drawings supplied by Sir W. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., the builders of the original vessel, which is now lying in the Medway. The revolving turret, pair of 110-ton guns, Nordenfolt guns, electric search-light towers, flying bridge, anchors, and boats of this huge ironclad, are all modelled with scrupulous accuracy on the scale of one-tenth of an inch to the foot. To give some idea of the painstaking thoroughness with which the entire work has been carried out, a single example will suffice. The huge Inglefield anchor weighs several tons, while its model is not too much big for a scarf pin, yet every joint of the latter will move. The art workmanship in silver has been carried out, under the supervision of the Committee of Taste, by Messrs. R. Hodde and Son, 30 and 31, Hatton Garden, E.C.

### THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY

Our double-page illustration represents the Emperor Frederick III. surrounded by his children and grandchildren. The Emperor was born in October, 1831, and, consequently, is in the fifty-seventh year of his age. In January, 1858, he married the Princess Royal Victoria of England, then in her eighteenth year, by whom he has had six children. The eldest of these, the Crown Prince William, was born on January 27th, 1859, and on February 27th, 1881, married the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and has four children—Prince William, born May 6th, 1882; Prince Frederick, born July 7th, 1883; Prince Adalbert, born on July 14th, 1884; and Prince Augustus, born on January 29th, 1887. The eldest daughter of the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Charlotte, was born on July 24th, 1860, and on February 18th, 1878, was married to the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen and Hildburghausen. Next in order comes Prince Henry, who was born on August 14th, 1862. He is the "Sailor Prince" of the Empire, and on March 22nd, 1887, was betrothed to Princess Irene of Hesse, the daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice, to whom he will shortly be married. The remaining children are daughters—the Princess Victoria, who was born on April 12th, 1866, whose affection for Prince Alexander of Battenberg threatened to bring about the resignation of Prince Bismarck; Princess Sophia Dorothea, who was born on June 14th, 1870; and Princess Margaret, born on April 22nd, 1872.

### THE TALL NEW BUILDINGS AT ALBERT GATE

How changed the neighbourhood since the days when, soon after the 1851 Exhibition, those two houses were built which flank Albert Gate, and which seemed so vast and so remote from town, that they were paralleled with Gibraltar, which "never could be taken." For many years past, however, one has been occupied by the London and County Bank, and the other by the French Embassy, they are now quite in the heart of fashionable London, and they really will look dwarfish and lilliputian by the side of the monstrous edifice which is rising near them, and which will overtop the celebrated Queen Anne's Mansions. Concerning this modern Tower of Babel some discussion recently took place in the House of Commons. An opinion was freely expressed that the erection of so tall a building should be disallowed, as the shadow cast by it would tend to injure



THE NEW BUILDINGS AT ALBERT GATE

the trees and roadway in the adjacent Park. Mr. Plunket's reply was personally sympathetic, but he doubted whether the Commissioner of Works could interfere now that the plan and specifications of the proposed building had been passed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, this special sanction being necessary when buildings exceed a hundred feet in height. The height of this new building as it stands towards Knightsbridge will be about 125 feet from the level of the pavement to the top ridge of the mansard roof. But, in the centre of the building, a portion of the roof rises in the form of a pyramid, the summit being elevated 172 feet above the level of the pavement. The eastern extremity of the building joins the London and County Bank. The architectural design is handsome, Italian in its general features, with a French rising roof. The main building is designed with eleven storeys above the level of the pavement on the Knightsbridge front, with one extra towards the Park.

### STRANDING OF THE "INVICTA"

ON the afternoon of Monday, April 23rd, the *Invicta*, one of the fastest and best of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's fleet of steamers, plying between Dover and Calais, left Calais with 143 passengers and the mails from Brussels and Calais. Just as she cleared the mouth of the harbour she struck upon the sand-bar which, as is often the case, forms under the influence of strong north-easterly winds. All efforts to get her off proved unavailing, and the passengers had to stay on board till midnight, when the tide had fallen sufficiently low to enable them to walk across the sands—a distance of a mile or a mile and a half—to another steamer. No lives were lost among the passengers, one of whom was Lady Burdett-Coutts, but one of the crew was drowned while endeavouring to establish a communication with the shore by means of lines and lifebuoys. The *Invicta* was so firmly imbedded in the sand that, although considerable tug-power was employed day after day, she stuck fast, and would, it was feared, go to pieces. However, the south-westerly wind blew strongly at the end of last week, and the effect of this was to wash away the accumulated sand. The happy result was that on Sunday last the *Invicta* was successfully floated, and towed into Calais Harbour. She is none the worse for her mishap, and will be ready for work again in a few days. The French Government are going to run a stone pier round the outside of Calais Harbour, so as to protect the entrance from the N.E. wind, which causes the sand to accumulate.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. George Beaumont, 50, Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

### THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS

EXCEPT the Falls of the Missouri, in Montana Territory, the Great Shoshone Falls of the Snake River are the highest in North America. The Snake is an erratic stream, and, after entering Idaho Territory, is confined for more than 500 miles within the walls of a rocky cañon, whose cliffs are from 1,000 to 1,500 feet deep. The Snake rushes headlong over its boulder-strewn bed, and, at the Great Falls, takes a headlong leap of over 200 feet. To reach the Shoshone Falls the traveller journeys westwards over the Union Pacific Railway to the town of Shoshone, and thence by coach for thirty miles over dreary plains of dull red lava. When, however, the cañon is reached, its weird magnificence repays the weariness of the journey. Crawling out on a projecting ledge, one sees hundreds of feet below an eagle flying from her nest, or scores of bats fluttering out of some gloomy cavern in the dark rock. The water is too far off for its sound to be heard, but one can see the white foam of the rapids and the dense masses of spray arising from the falls. The prospect is one without a counterpart in America. Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Edwards Roberts, 383, Beacon Street, Boston, U.S.A.

### AVALANCHE IN SWITZERLAND

THIS engraving gives a view of an avalanche which fell early in the month of March in Wassen, Valley of Reuss, Canton Uri, Switzerland. Wassen is a station on the St. Gothard line. Six workmen, who were engaged in clearing the track, were killed. Traffic was interrupted for some forty-eight hours. The accident occurred on the very day when the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden were going to San Remo, so they were compelled to remain at Lucerne.—The drawing from which our engraving is taken was made by Mr. Weber, and was sent to us by Messrs. Orell, Füssli and Co., of Zürich.

### WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT SHAKESPEARE, II

See pp. 489 et seqq.

### "THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 493.

### STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND, X.

"A PROCLAIMED MEETING AT SEA."—When a county in Ireland is proclaimed, and the police are on the alert to stop all meetings of the National League, the Leaguers are forced to adopt such expedients as are shown in our illustration. The Leaguers borrow all the boats for miles round, then finding some secluded bay they hold their meeting on the water. The police being left without boats can of course do nothing.

### PARLIAMENT

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has subsided after his sudden outburst on the Government policy in Ireland, and, no other disturbing element coming to the front, the past week has been comparatively dull. But, as frequently happens in such cases, business has profited, and fair progress has been made with Government Bills. The discussion in Committee on the Budget Bill oddly enough turned solely upon the use of saccharin in beer. Some members privileged to sit in the Committee heard of saccharin for the first time, and even those acquainted with the product in domestic use were surprised to hear that it had become a burning question in the breweries. Fortunately for the uninstructed, Sir Lyon Playfair had taken up the business, and he is unexcelled in the gift of lucid explanation of abstruse problems. Before Progress was reported the Committee knew all about saccharin; how it is an extract from coal tar; how it possesses, bulk for bulk, three hundred times the sweetening qualities of sugar; how it is antiseptic; and the remarkable quality it possesses of making small beer taste like October ale. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the use of the product because, in some manner, not nearly so clearly explained as was Sir Lyon Playfair's thesis, the Revenue ran the risk of losing a million sterling if saccharin were permitted to take the place of sugar in the breweries. That was quite enough for the Committee, which rejected Sir Lyon Playfair's amendment by more than two to one, and the Bill passed through Committee.

The peculiarly complicated position of the Budget scheme, woven in and out as it is with the reform of local government, makes it a little difficult to follow the fortunes of Mr. Goschen's plan. Not the least prominent feature in his financial scheme deals with what is to this day called the "wheel tax," though there is no longer before the House a proposal to tax wheels. This proposal touching the carts does not, however, form part of the Budget Bill. It is to have a Bill all to itself. But, involving new taxation, the cumbersome machinery requires that it shall go through a double process of incubation. First of all the Chancellor of the Exchequer moves Resolutions affirming a particular proposition. The House reads these a first time, a second time, goes into Committee upon them, and gives them a report stage. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is then permitted to formulate them in a Bill, which is to be read a first time, a second time, dealt with on the Committee and report stages, and read a third time just as it were a novelty.

Thus the wheel tax, which has been fully discussed in the House and passionately debated out of doors, had not till Thursday reached the dignity of a Bill, and will not till next Monday reach the critical stage of second reading. This long process had the advantage of furnishing the Chancellor of the Exchequer with opportunity for reconsidering his scheme. The opposition directed against the wheel tax by Mr. Causton and his friends would have been of no particular importance had they stood alone, numerous as they were, and widespread as was their basis of representation. But it has since Easter been made clear that the great carrying interest is above considerations of party politics. It influences the members for the great boroughs, whether sitting on the Liberal or Conservative side. The metropolitan members, Conservatives almost to a man, took the field in opposition to Mr. Goschen's plan, and in the end he was compelled greatly to modify his original proposition. What he now proposes is to omit from taxation all carts under ten hundred-weight. Carts over that weight with two wheels are to pay a tax of 10s. a year, and with four wheels or more 20s. This is the purport of the Bill now before the House, the second reading of which on Monday is, in spite of these concessions, to be hotly opposed.

This necessity of dealing twice over with money-bills has sorely pressed the Government in connection with what is popularly known as the King-Harman Salary Bill. In face of the angry opposition on the Liberal Benches, and the less than half-hearted support in the most highly disciplined Conservative quarters, it would be hard enough to force this Bill through the ordinary stages. But, since it involves payment out of the Consolidated Fund, there



is the necessity, already described, of duplicating the stages, advancing through the process of Resolutions to the formulation of a Bill. This has provided opportunities to the Irish members, of which they have joyfully availed themselves. Colonel King-Harman is, happily for his peace of mind, out of hearing. For there are things said about him in the House of Commons for which some people would regard a pension of 1,000l. a year but poor compensation. Mr. Balfour is left almost literally alone to fight the Bill. The Conservatives will vote for it; but, with one exception, they would not speak for it, and the exception might, perhaps, with advantage, have been forgone. It was Colonel Sanderson who rose from the otherwise silent Conservative benches to defend this Bill. One of his arguments invested the debate with a rare flash of humour. It had been said by Mr. T. W. Russell and others less friendly to the Government, that the appointment was unpopular in Ireland. It was looked upon by the Ulster tenant farmer, so Mr. Russell said, as equal to a declaration of war. Colonel Sanderson, on the other hand, protested that few men were more popular in Ireland than Colonel King-Harman, who, he added, amid a roar of laughter that quite startled him, had been able to borrow more money than any man he knew. Mr. Heneage, whose loyalty to the Government has been frequently proved, denounced the measure in the strongest language, and whilst a considerable number of Dissident Liberals voted against it, others, including Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington, abstained from the division. In the end, the second reading was carried by a majority of 49, a grievously reduced figure, which was almost equivalent to a ministerial defeat.

The attendance of Irish members during the week has been limited. Some of them are in prison or on their way thither. Mr. Healy, like a wise man, is cultivating a growing business at the Bar. Mr. Parnell fitfully comes and goes, and the level of statesmanship does not rise higher than the personality of Mr. T. P. O'Connor or Dr. Tanner. Thus the debate on the second reading of the Land Laws (Ireland—Land Commission) Bill, a measure hotly opposed by the Parnellites, passed its second-reading stage after an unemotional debate. So scanty was the attendance that Mr. Arthur O'Connor twice essayed to get rid of the business by counting out the House. He very nearly succeeded; but the Whips were just able to avert the calamity, and a measure which in former times would have easily occupied a week in discussion passed the second reading at the far end of a busy night.

On Tuesday the Crofters Members had their turn, Dr. Clark moving the adjournment, whilst he called attention to the failure of the Crofters Act, and urged the Government to take steps for patching it up by immediate legislation. The debate was noticeable for a speech delivered by Mr. Chamberlain, one of those practical incisive discourses for which the right hon. gentleman stands unrivalled. The Government have sanctioned a scheme whereby sums up to 10,000l. would be granted for the assistance of Crofters desiring to emigrate to Canada. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking from the result of personal observation and inquiry made on the spot, declared that emigration was the only cure for the ills of the Crofters. This debate occupied the House up to the dinner-hour, when Mr. Bradlaugh rose to call attention to the possible utilisation of waste lands. The luck which has attended Mr. Bradlaugh's efforts at legislation throughout the Session invest his movements with interest, and there was up to the verge of the dinner hour a considerable attendance of country gentlemen to hear his speech. But when the dinner-bell sounded the call proved irresistible. Members quietly filed out, and by a quarter to nine the House was counted out, Mr. Bradlaugh's labour going for naught.

On Wednesday Sir John Lubbock moved the second reading of a measure designed to bring about early closing. Mr. Maple, as representing a vast number of shopkeepers, opposed the Bill, which, after an interesting debate, was thrown out by the decisive majority of 278 votes against 95. There was evidently a general disinclination to approve Sir John Lubbock's well meant but somewhat drastic remedy.



**POLITICAL.**—The London organ of the Nationalists announced that, for the first time, Mr. Gladstone dined this week in Mr. Parnell's company. Their host was Mr. Armistead, formerly Member for Dundee. Among the other guests were Mr. John Morley and Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Opening on Wednesday the Gladstone library of the National Liberal Club, the ex-Premier expatiated harmlessly on the benefit to be derived by politicians from a wide study of political economy, and the history of our own and foreign countries.—The Prime Minister received on Wednesday an influential deputation of English hop-growers, introduced by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, M.P., and accompanied by several M.P.'s, and by Lord Winchester, to ask for the imposition of a duty on foreign hops, as the only means of averting ruin from their branch of agricultural industry. This measure was urged not merely on selfish grounds, but in view of the amount of labour which the collapse of the hop-industry would throw out of employment. That the proposed duty should not enhance the price of beer, it was suggested that the Excise-Duty on beer might be reduced. A member of the deputation quoted a few figures to show what the pressure of foreign competition had become. In 1862 the import of foreign hops was thirty thousand hundred-weight; from 1880 to 1885, it was two hundred and thirty thousand hundred-weight. Lord Salisbury, in a sympathetic reply, pointed out that British agriculture generally shared with the hop-growing industry the depressing effects of unrestricted competition. But what the deputation asked for was in reality protection, and, as he had said on other occasions, if it was possible to get rid of free trade, a state of division would be introduced scarcely distinguishable from civil war. The Government might claim that it was doing something for the relief of agriculture, in respect of local burdens, of railway rates, and of tithes, but he could hold out no hope of a duty on foreign hops unless accompanied by one on the native product.—Earl Stanhope, presiding at a Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League, said that when founded it had only 995 members; now they had 700,000, and would soon doubtless have a million members. The Deptford and Doncaster elections had, he added, been won wholly by the influence of the ladies.—Mr. Forwood, the Secretary to the Admiralty, speaking at Liverpool, took a cheerful view of the condition and progress of the Navy, saying that the present Board ascertained that two millions of money annually would keep the fleet at what both Liberals and Conservatives thought three or four years ago was its proper strength. Instead of spending two millions, they were spending three, and this year they had laid down something like thirty-one vessels.—At the annual meeting of the Liberation Society, Sir George Trevelyan, in a trenchant and acrimonious speech advocated the disestablishment of the Church in Wales.—Lord Derby, it is understood, will lead the Liberal Unionist party in the Upper House, Lords Wenlock and Lawrence acting as its whips.

**IRELAND.**—The Papal Circular condemning the Plan of Campaign and boycotting, has fallen on the Nationalists like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. No prominent member of the party has as yet, at least in public, ventured to refer to it directly, and comment on it has

hitherto for the most part been left to the Press.—Mr. John Fitzgibbon, President of the Castlereagh Branch of the National League, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour for a speech in which he incited the people not to deal with the police.—A fund is being raised to place in an independent position Norah Fitzmaurice, the murderers of whose father were recently hanged, and the cruel persecution of whom, referred to in this column last week, still continues. Among the many sympathisers who receive contributions for it are the Archdeacon of Ardfer, the Rectory, Tralee, and Mr. J. A. Froude, 5, Onslow Gardens, S.W.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Another precautionary measure is being taken by the military authorities. The War Office invites owners of twenty horses and upwards within the metropolitan area to register the number of horses they would be prepared to sell to the Government on the occasion of a national emergency.—At the Conference on Reformatory and Industrial Schools which was opened at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, an interesting and suggestive paper on "Child Emigration" was read by Mr. J. Rankine, the Conservative M.P. for North Herefordshire. He said that of the great number of children who had been emigrated to Canada less than 8 per cent. had failed. The cost of keeping a child in the workhouse was about 9d. per annum, and in an industrial school about 17d. per annum, whereas that child could be fitted out, sent to Canada, and placed in a good situation at a cost of only 15s.—The slip of ground which circles the moat round the Tower of London having been tastefully laid out at the expense of Mr. Samuel Montagu, M.P., and of Lord Meath's Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, was opened to the public on Monday by Mrs. Montagu, but under certain restrictions, as it remains the property of the Crown.—The result of a *plébiscite* in Glasgow has been unfavourable to the adoption of the Scottish Free Libraries Act, 22,987 citizens voting against, 13,350 for; majority against, 9,637.

**OUR OBITUARY** records the death of Lady Burnett of Leys; of Mrs. Hill, wife of the Bishop of British Columbia; near the Victoria Nyanza, of Bishop Parker, the murdered Bishop Hannington's successor in the See of Eastern Equatorial Africa, and formerly Secretary to the Church Missionary Society; suddenly, in the London Hospital, of Mr. Walter S. Shirley, who recently resigned his seat as Member for the Doncaster Division of Yorkshire; in his sixty-ninth year, of General Richard Shubrick, who served with distinction in the Burmese War of 1852-3, and during the later Indian Mutiny campaigns; in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Charles Sturge, of Birmingham, who was associated with his brother Joseph in the anti-corn law and Reform movements, and took an active part in philanthropic work; of Mr. William C. Bovill, Clerk of Assize of the Western Circuit, who was the eldest son of the late Lord Chief Justice Bovill, and called to the Bar in 1870; of Mr. P. Gordon Fraser, late Colonial Treasurer of Tasmania; of Mr. A. Dalglish, the well-known Central Asian traveller, shot by a Pathan on his way to Yarkand; in his fifty-fifth year, of Mr. Frederick W. Chesson, for many years the zealous and indefatigable Secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society; and, in his sixty-eighth year, of Admiral Sir Alfred Ryder, who fell from Pimlico Pier on Monday while waiting for a steamer, and was almost immediately drowned, though every exertion was made to save him. He served with distinction in the Baltic and the Black Sea during the war with Russia, and had held important naval appointments. Curiously enough, considering the manner in which he met his death, he was the author of a work on "Life Saving at Sea." The verdict of the Coroner's jury on Wednesday was that the deceased dropped into the water while suffering from a fit of apoplexy.



**THE TURF.**—The first of the classic three-year-old races of the year has been decided, and has completely upset the calculations of the public and the prophets. Friar's Balsam's magnificent record as a two-year-old early installed him a favourite, and he started on Wednesday at 3 to 1 on. These were heavy odds in consideration of the fact that no one could tell how he had borne the winter. In the end the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, ridden by Osborne, turned the tables on his erstwhile conqueror, and cantered home an easy winner. His Grace's second string, Johnny Morgan, came next, the Duke of Westminster's Orbit was third, while the favourite was last but one. The natural result was that the winner at once became favourite for the Derby, while Friar's Balsam, who the day before had been backed at evens, was driven back to 6 to 1. Of the other races on the Guineas day little need be said. Watts scored twice for Mr. Abington on Masque de Fer and Master Bill respectively, and Admiral Benbow won the Peel Handicap. On the day before, Galore won the Hastings Plate, The Rejected Prince of Wales's Plate, and Magyar the First Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, while Parga added another win to his credit.

Lisbon won the Doveridge Cup at Derby last week, Torchlight and Veracity being second and third respectively. There was some unimportant racing at Thirsk and Alexandra Park at the end of the week. At the latter meeting Monsoon won a couple of races. Up to Wednesday there was no change in the position of the leading jockeys, F. Barrett 24, Watts 21, and S. Loates 19, being the order.

**CRICKET.**—The Australians duly arrived last week, and have since devoted themselves to practice at Mitcham Green. Turner seems very deadly on a slow wicket, and Bonnor has lost none of his hitting powers. Their first match is on Monday next, against Mr. J. W. Hobbs's Eleven, at Norbury Park. Our own cricketers seem to be in good form, too. W. H. Patterson, who will captain Kent this season, made 130 for Bickley Park against Erith, and K. J. Key knocked off 87 when playing for the Surrey Club against Broadwater.—W. G. Grace, jun. (*et al.* 13) got fifteen wickets for 55 runs, when playing against twenty-four of the Bristol clubs. He is evidently a chip of the old block.

**FOOTBALL.**—The Football Association has refused to endorse the sentence of suspension passed by the Lancashire Association upon Preston North End.—The Prestonians have suffered two more reverses at the feet of Queen's Park and the Clydesdale Harriers.—The English team in New Zealand has won its two first matches, both against Otago.

**RACQUETS.**—Latham again defeated Walter Gray in the second half of their match, played at Charterhouse on Wednesday, and consequently retains the Championship.—Mr. C. D. Buxton somewhat unexpectedly beat Major Spens in the Amateur Championship competition. The winner meets Mr. E. M. Hadow to-day in the final.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Roberts, who, playing spot-barred, easily defeated Mitchell (allowed twenty consecutive spots) last week, has all the best of a similar match with Peall.—The American bicyclist, Rowe, again met with defeat from Howell in the five miles' race decided at Wolverhampton.—The new Lawn Tennis Association met last week, and agreed upon its rules.



A PICTURE BY THE QUEEN will be among the Art-treasures of the Glasgow Exhibition, which opens next Tuesday. It is a "still-life" of fruit and armour, painted by Her Majesty some years ago, and given to the Duke of Albany. The Duchess has now lent the work for exhibition at the Queen's request.

ANOTHER GERMAN EXPEDITION TO KILIMANJARO and Eastern Africa is being planned. Dr. Meyer, who achieved the highest point on Kilimanjaro yet recorded, and Dr. Baumann, who accompanied Dr. Lenz on the Congo, intend to thoroughly explore the country round the mountain and the Meru region, where Dr. Baumann hopes to make a complete topographical survey.

THE BABY KING OF SPAIN's recent *fiête* to the Madrid school-children is described as one of the most interesting public spectacles ever seen in the Spanish capital. Thousands of little ones filled the Hippodrome, while a group of Royal children looked down from a platform above—little Alphonso XIII. in his white woollen frock and plumed hat, his two elder sisters in black velvet frocks with Scotch plaid sashes, and his baby cousin, Don Alphonso, in the arms of his mother, the Infanta Eulalia. Queen Christina, who is just beginning to leave off her heaviest widow's mourning, talked to many of the school children, and was especially entertained by the reply of a five-year-old boy to her query what he intended to be when he grew up. "The Minister of War, your Majesty," answered the ambitious little Spaniard.

BOULANGER ENTHUSIASTS have unearthed a mysterious sixteenth-century prophecy respecting the "Three Bo's," which they declare points to the coming rule of their hero. Here is a prophecy in old French:—

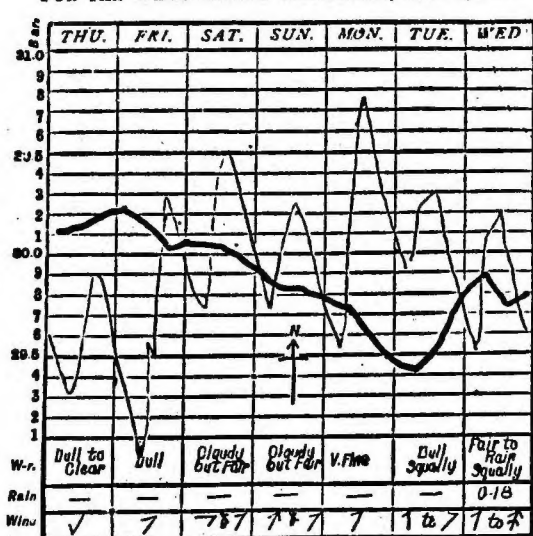
Tu dois vivre et mourir, ô Gaule soubz trois Bo,  
Deux siècles soubz Bo I., tu hauseras, ô Gaule,  
Tu courras Bo II., ains te fera le bonbeau,  
Puis soubz mitron Bo III., Bis Clem clora ton rôle.

This is ingeniously interpreted to mean—Bo I. was the Bourbon dynasty, which advanced the grandeur of France from the times of Henry IV. to the Revolution, two centuries. Bo II. was the Bonapartist family which came from Corsica, and rent France in pieces by the entrance of the Allies and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Bo III. must be General Boulanger—the *mitron*, or baker's boy. An unkind suggestion from an opponent, however, points out that he is to bring about the fall of France either by "Bis" (Bismarck and war with Germany), or by "Clem"—Clemenceau, with the Commune and Civil War.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,437 deaths were registered, against 1,552 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 115, being 274 below the average, and at the rate of 17.5 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any previous week of this year. There were 16 deaths from measles (a fall of 2), 1 from small-pox, 15 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6, and 9 below the average), 22 from diphtheria (a decrease of 12), 80 from whooping-cough (a fall of 12), 7 from enteric fever (a decline of 6), 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 6), and not one from typhus, ill-defined form of continued fever, or cholera. There were 967 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the end of last week, besides 80 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 343 (a decline of 20, and 41 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 43 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 7 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,577 births registered, against 2,579 during the previous week, being 266 below the average.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1888



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (and inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the early part of this week the sky was chiefly overcast and the air very raw, but these unfavourable conditions soon gave place to less cloudy skies, and warm and spring-like, though changeable weather generally. At the commencement of the period the weather over the British Islands was under the influence of areas of high pressure, the centre of the lowest values was in the neighbourhood of Austria. Thus, North-Easterly breezes of some strength were felt in many parts of the country, with dry but decidedly cold weather for the season. This distribution of pressure changed quickly, the anticyclone in the West receding Southwards and Eastwards as a series of depressions advanced from the Atlantic to our Northern and Western Coasts. The barometer consequently fell briskly as the first of the disturbances advanced, and the wind drew into West and South-West or South as the low-pressure system skirted our Western and Northern Coasts, while the weather, although much disturbed, was frequently bright and clear, and temperature at one time rose considerably over the inland parts of England. The wind was very boisterous in most places, and South-Westerly to North-Westerly gales were felt at times on the more exposed Coasts in the extreme West, with occasional heavy rain. In most other places showers were experienced, but London and its neighbourhood escaped any rain until quite the close of the week when it fell steadily. With the exception of the beginning of the week, when slight frost was shown over the Central parts of Ireland and Scotland, temperature has not differed materially from the normal anywhere. The warmest places over the British Islands were the Central and South-Eastern portions of England, where the thermometer on Monday (30th ult.) ranged from 64° to 66°.

The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Thursday (26th ult.); lowest (29.42 inches) on Tuesday (1st inst.); range 0.81 inch. The temperature was highest (65°) on Monday (30th ult.); lowest (30°) on Friday (27th ult.); range 35°. Rain fell on one day. Total fall 0.18 in. Greatest fall on any one day 0.18 in. on Wednesday (2nd inst.)



HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE-MEININGEN

PRINCESS IRÈNE OF HESSE  
(Engaged to Prince Henry)

PRINCE HENRY

THE CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM

THE CROWN PRINCESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA

PRINCESS VICTORIA

PRINCESS SOPHIA DOROTHEA

PRINCESS MARGARET



PRINCESS OF SAXE-MEININGEN  
Eldest Daughter of the Emperor

PRINCE AUGUSTUS WILLIAM  
Fourth Son of the Crown Prince

PRINCE ADALBERT  
Third Son of the Crown Prince

PRINCE FREDERICK  
Second Son of the Crown Prince

PRINCE WILLIAM  
Eldest Son of the Crown Prince

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. AND HIS FAMILY



## FOREIGN

THE general European situation once more shows signs of a change for the worse. During the past few weeks, owing to the death of the German Emperor and the serious illness of his successor, there has been a temporary lull in the constant crisis which keeps Eastern Europe in a continuous ferment, and the European Powers in dread of an outbreak likely to lead to a general war. This lull came to an end with the recent rising in Roumania, which is now more than ever attributed to Muscovite intrigue—as some of the prisoners have confessed to being in the pay of Russia. The rising, by the way, has been met with a firm hand, but even now order is not considered to be wholly restored. This week come several serious items of news, which all point to a renewal of hostilities in the peninsula—if not further ahead in Europe. Russia is bringing more men to her frontier; Austria is asking the Parliament for money for "defensive" purposes, while Hungary has passed a law placing 100,000 more men at the immediate call of the Government; in Servia the fall of the Radical Cabinet and the re-entry into office of "iron-handed" and Philo-Austrian M. Crislicas has been promptly followed by a Montenegrin raid over the border; while, conjointly with assurances of the cordial relations between Russia and Greece, and a suddenly renewed interest manifested in Macedonian affairs by the Muscovite Press, come detailed accounts of a serious quarrel impending between Greece and Turkey. It appears that the Turkish Commissioner in Macedonia, Rifaa Pasha, in attempting to put down brigandage on the Thessalian frontier, discovered the existence of a wide-spread political conspiracy, in which several of the Greek Metropolitan and M. Panorias, the Greek Consul at Monastir, were alleged to be implicated. The Bishops were promptly dealt with by the Porte, one being imprisoned and the other deposed from his See, and the Greek Government was requested to recall M. Panorias. This, however, the Greek Government has declined to do, and the relations between the two countries have consequently become dangerously strained, the Porte having suddenly summoned its representative at Athens to Constantinople, while the Greek Minister there is going to Athens on "leave of absence." Attention is being called also to M. Nelidoff's recent visit to Athens and the trip to St. Petersburg on "private business" of M. Dragunis, the Greek Foreign Minister. Curiously enough, coincident with all this we hear of renewed agitation in Crete, where the Separatist party are said to have completely got the upper hand. The whole situation is viewed with much gravity in many quarters, and particularly so in Austria, where both the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers of National Defence have given vent to very pessimistic utterances. In BULGARIA Prince Alexander has been making a very successful tour in the North. Major Popoff has been condemned to four years' imprisonment for embezzlement.

In FRANCE, M. Carnot has been making a seemingly successful provincial tour, while General Boulanger has been holding his Court at the Louvre (Hotel) in Paris. The "Brav Général" gives audience to long strings of visitors, while his correspondence, already sufficiently voluminous for an autocratic Dictator, increases daily. The General, who was fifty years old on Sunday, has been endeavouring to calm the apprehensions of those who charge him with aiming at a Dictatorship by vigorously denying any such aspiration at a dinner given by him to his supporters at the Café Riche. He also repudiates the assertion of the *Nord* that he nourishes dangerously revolutionary designs, and wishes to "declare distinctly before France and before Europe that Democratic France is maligned by being credited with thoughts of aggression to which, for my own part, I have been, and still remain, resolutely opposed." To return to President Carnot, he was received throughout his tour with shouts of "Vive Carnot! Vive la République!" At Bordeaux, in particular, he was very warmly welcomed, and altogether his trip is looked upon as a satisfactory counterweight to the Boulanger agitation in the provinces, which, however, still continues—riots having taken place in several towns. Other political news has been the sanctioning by the Chamber of the Panama Canal Lottery scheme, and an agitation in the Chamber for the repeal of the law giving England the "most-favoured nation" treatment if Mr. Goschen persists in his proposal to tax bottled wines.

In PARIS the Salon is now open, and the collection, which is even larger than usual—the catalogue including 5,523 numbers—is considered to be of average merit. The most striking picture is pronounced to be "The Dream," by M. Détaillé, which represents a large army bivouacking—evidently on the eve of a battle, visions of victory being dimly represented in the clouds. Another powerful military subject is "The Storming of the Malakoff," by Moreau de Tours; while M. Dubel appeals to the patriotic feelings of his countrymen in "L'Invasion en Lorraine," where Prussian soldiers are seen requisitioning in a French village. M. Bouguereau sends the "Death of Abel," the slain man being represented upon Adam's knees; and M. Delance, the "Legend of St. Denis," in which the saint is shown walking with his bloodstained head in his hands; M. Mosler sends "A White Captive"—a fair woman in the hands of Red Indians; M. Boulanger another "Slave Market"; M. Gérôme a study of a poet lying on the seashore with Venus rising before him from the sea, and a touching picture, "Thirst," of an old lion trying to moisten his lips with some water he has found in the Desert; M. Maignan, a huge canvas, "The Voices of the Tocsin," in which a number of figures are sounding an alarm of fire; and Mlle. Aline Billet a fine landscape subject, "Rolling Wheat." Of the portraits President Carnot has been painted by M. Yvon, General Boulanger by M. Bin, and M. Jules Ferry by M. Bonnat. The last two are, curiously enough, hung close together. M. Carolus Duran sends a very fine portrait of his daughter. The opening of the Salon has been marked by a fatal duel. An artist, M. Félix Dupuis, considered himself insulted by a journalist, M. Habert, and challenged him. M. Dupuis was shot dead on the ground, and his adversary has been arrested, and now awaits trial. M. Meilhac, the well-known Opera Bouffe librettist, is the new Academician, appropriately replacing M. Labiche.

In ITALY the Pope's condemnation of the Plan of Campaign in Ireland has naturally excited universal comment, and the Radical journals seize the occasion to gird at His Holiness for taking the part of Governments engaged in oppressing nationalities. The exact terms of the Papal Decree have not yet been made public, and it is authoritatively stated that it was decided upon spontaneously by the Pope, upon receiving Mgrs. Persico's report of his mission to Ireland, and not in consequence of any pressure exercised by the British Government. Moreover, it is also stated that the decision of the Congregation of the Holy Office is being submitted to a Special Congregation of Cardinals, who are now examining several questions relative to the agitation in Ireland, upon which they will record a formal vote. As a high Church functionary remarked to the *Times* correspondent, "It is not a question of politics, but of common morality, which the Church must uphold at any cost in loss of popularity." The *Paris Univers*, in commenting upon the Decree, consoles itself for the blow dealt at the Nationalist cause, which it has always so warmly advocated, by remarking, "The simple fact that this decision has been taken by the Sacred Congregation of the

Holy Office proves that it has no political meaning, and that it has only been given for a tribunal of the conscience. It does not in any way condemn the just claim of the Irish people struggling for liberty and autonomy. . . . It simply condemns what is illicit and illegal." Exactly so!

The Emperor of GERMANY was decidedly better at the beginning of the week, and on Monday was allowed out of bed, and sat by an open window. On Tuesday, however, he was not so well, and did not get up, the fever having risen a little, but on Wednesday he was much better, and able to get up. The physicians now keep him almost entirely in bed, and though he receives daily reports from his generals, the main burden of State business devolves upon the Crown Prince, who signs nearly all official documents. Professor Bergmann has retired from attending the Crown Prince, owing, it is stated, to his difference with Sir Morell Mackenzie, and has been replaced by Professor Bardeleben. The new gold coinage, with the head of Frederick III., is now being struck to the extent of a million twenty-mark pieces.

There has been a serious dacoit outbreak in BURMA, near Tavoy, in Southern Tenasserim. There were no troops in the district, and a body of police, being attacked by a large body of dacoits, fled and deserted the Assistant-Superintendent, Mr. Aldworth; who, however, according to later news, is safe. Troops were at once sent to Tavoy, and on their appearance the dacoits, who numbered some three hundred, retreated to the hills. Tavoy is the enforced residence of the mother of King Theebaw's favourite Queen, Soopayalat, and it is supposed that her intrigues have had something to do with the affair.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—Some apprehension is felt with regard to the EASTERN SOUDAN, as a strong force of Bagaras under Abu Girgeh have joined Osman Digma, and a formidable attack on Suakim is expected.—News has been received of Emin Pasha up to November 2nd. He then was at Kibero, on the east shore of the Albert Nyanza, and had reconnoitred for Mr. Stanley without obtaining any news of him. The Arabs at Uganda and Unyoro are represented to be most hostile and treacherous towards the English.—In CANADA Sir Charles Tupper has brought out his Budget. The total revenue for the year ending June 30 is estimated at 7,200,000, and the expenditure 7,400,000, there being thus a deficit of 200,000. Next year he expects a surplus of a similar amount. The owners and captains of sealing vessels have now decided to forcibly resist being boarded by the officers of the American cruisers, and the crews of a large fleet now preparing to sail through Behring Straits are being armed with repeating rifles.—In the UNITED STATES a new "dynamite cruiser" has been launched. She carries guns for the purpose of projecting, by means of compressed air, shells containing 200 pounds of dynamite, which, it is expected, will have a terrifically destructive effect.



THE Queen arrived at Windsor from the Continent on the evening of the 27th ult., accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Owing to the improved health of the Emperor Frederick, and at his special request, Her Majesty delayed her departure from Berlin for another day, and took advantage of her longer stay to visit the tomb of the Emperor William in the Mausoleum. The Empress and all the Imperial Family went to the Charlottenburg Station to see the Queen off. The Queen has since publicly expressed her gratification with the German welcome in a letter to the Empress Victoria. The Royal party travelled by night *via* Hanover to Flushing, whence they enjoyed a calm passage across the North Sea to Port Victoria in the *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by the *Osborne* and *Galatea*. Her Majesty reached Windsor in time for dinner. On Saturday the Queen rested from the fatigue of her long journey, only receiving Princess Christian at lunch, but next day Her Majesty attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Dr. Hornby preached. The Prince of Wales came down to lunch with the Queen, while Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein also arrived to keep Her Majesty company during the absence of Princess Beatrice, who with her husband and two children left Windsor in the afternoon for Germany, on a visit to Prince Alexander of Hesse. Prince and Princess Henry crossed at night to Calais and went straight on to Darmstadt and Jugenheim—Prince Alexander's country seat—whence they return in time to accompany the Queen to Scotland on May 18. On Monday Her Majesty despatched Sir H. Ponsonby to represent her at the funeral of the Queen's Director of Continental Journeys, Mr. Kanné, also sending a wreath, and in the evening Lord Salisbury arrived and dined with the Queen. On Tuesday Her Majesty drove out with Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and in the evening the Duchess of Albany, with her two children, arrived on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty comes up to town next week for a few days, and on Tuesday will attend the special performance of the *Golden Legend* at the Albert Hall, while a Drawing-Room is fixed for Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales devoted most of Saturday to art, going to see Mr. Menpes' Japanese studies, Mr. J. Haynes' views of Fontainebleau, and the Summer Exhibition at the Continental Gallery. He also attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees (Natural History branch), and went to Toole's Theatre in the evening. The Prince spent Sunday with the Queen at Windsor, and on Monday morning attended Mr. J. Kanné's funeral. In the afternoon he held a *levée* at St. James's, attended by the Dukes of Cambridge and Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Prince Christian, and in the evening he went to the Strand Theatre. Next day he went down to Newmarket for the Spring Meeting. The Princess joins the Prince in town shortly, and will go to Glasgow next Monday.—The Prince will preside at the Centenary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls on June 9th, at the Albert Hall.

Tuesday was the Duke of Connaught's thirty-eighth birthday, and bells were rung and salutes fired in London and Windsor. The Duke's two eldest children are now with the Queen at Windsor.—The Prince of Naples has been slightly injured in both thighs, owing to the bursting of a dynamite shell during some artillery experiments at Fort Tiburtino, near Rome.



AT THE FESTIVAL DINNER of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Lord Mayor presiding, the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed a hope that the clergy would be admitted to sit in the new County Councils.

BISHOP TEMPLE, presiding at a meeting in connection with the Bishop of London's Fund, said that while it ought to amount to 30,000, a year, it did not amount to 16,000. Resolutions urging

its claims were supported by the Duke of Westminster, Earl Stanhope, and the Bishops of Bedford and Brisbane.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its annual meeting on Tuesday, under the presidency of Sir J. H. Kennaway, M.P., who in the course of his address remarked significantly that they were proceeding on the old lines, and stood on the old principles, which had made the society what it is. In the report, the adoption of which was moved by the Bishop of Rochester and seconded by the Master of Trinity, reference was made to the satisfactory increase of the native clergy, and to the prospect of the establishment of a native episcopate in India. The total receipts during the year had amounted to 221,331/.

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT presented at the annual meeting on Wednesday, presided over by Lord Harrowby, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the total number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of the Scriptures issued during the year, 4,206,302, was the largest in the history of the Society, being an increase over the preceding year of more than 273,354 copies. The expenditure had been a little under 225,000/., and there was a balance in hand of 15,000/.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, the report presented stated that in India the response to the preaching of the gospel was wide-spread. To maintain the Society's mission-districts an addition of 15,000/ to its ordinary income was required. The total income during the year had amounted to 131,867/., and the expenditure to 137,967/.

AT THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION of the Clergy Distress Fund since the recently announced enlargement of its scope, a list of seventy-five cases, drawn from almost every diocese of England and Wales was submitted, and grants were made amounting to 2,740/.

BY PERMISSION OF THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, who presided, there was a gathering in the Jerusalem Chamber on Wednesday, of friends and admirers of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, to consider the best means of doing honour to his memory. Among those present were Lords Derby, Rosebery, Coleridge, and Escher, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, Mr. Robert Browning, and Canon Farrar. The general feeling was that a medallion of Mr. Arnold should be placed in Westminster Abbey, and a Matthew Arnold Exhibition or Scholarship be founded at Oxford. A committee was appointed to carry out these objects.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES are this year being delivered by the Rev. Dr. Edwin Hatch, Reader in Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The subject he has chosen is "The Origin and Growth of Religion," as illustrated by Greek Influence on Christianity, and in treating it he draws a contrast between the successive Christian and Pagan influences which from the first century of our era to the fourth carried on an internecine war, almost invariably ending in the adoption of Christian ideas clad in Hellenic forms.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Covent Garden prospectus was issued on Wednesday, and from it we gather that our entire opera season this year may possibly be limited to two-and-thirty evenings. Down to date, London is the only important capital in the world which, since the year 1888 commenced, has not had an opportunity of listening to a single performance of opera. Even now we are not likely to be offered any English opera, or lyric works in either French or German. Whether this state of things is altogether creditable to the richest metropolis in the world, we need not now stop to inquire. Opera on the Continent is of course subsidised either by the Municipalities or the State, and even in America it is guaranteed by wealthy enthusiasts. At Covent Garden, thanks to the reaction from the feverish excitement of last year, something of a similar sort is likely to happen. Mr. Augustus Harris, who, it is an open secret, lost a great deal of money in Italian opera at Drury Lane last year, is the manager of the new enterprise. Various gentlemen well known in social life—Lords De Grey and Charles Beresford, the Hon. O. Montague, Messrs. Chaplin, A. de Murieta, and Oppenheim—have formed themselves into an "Organising Committee." Those gentlemen have more or less relieved the director from the choice of artists and operas, and in return they have sold for the season something like 6,000/ worth of boxes and stalls. This, of course, will not suffice to carry through the enterprise, and, therefore, an appeal for support must necessarily be made to the public. In regard to the repertory, Mr. Harris's Committee announce eighteen works, only one of which is less than twenty years old. As to the artists, we give the list, merely remarking that some of them are vocalists of repute. The company consist of Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Hasteiter, Fürsch-Madi, Melba (an Australian), Martini, Russell, Arnoldson, Columbia (an American Selika), Hauk, M'Intyre, Bauermeister, Nordica, Scalchi, Louise Lablache, Villani, Desvignes, and Trebelli; MM. J. and E. de Reszke, De Reims (a tenor, and the only male *débütant*), Perugini, Corsi, Paroli, Rinaldini, Bioletto, Ravelli, Lassalle, Del Puente, Pandolfini, Cotogni, Miranda, Novara, Vascchetti, Ciampi, and Novara. There is also an orchestra of seventy-four, led by Mr. Carrodus, and conducted by MM. Luigi Mancinelli and Randegger.

"PRODIGES."—Prodigies just now abound, and a fresh example of the class—this time a lady, Mlle. Folville—appealed to the public for the first time on Thursday in the triple capacity of pianist, violinist, and composer. Little Otto Hegner gave his first orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, when he played for the first time Beethoven's Concerto in C. The opening and last movements were a wonderful display of mere executive capability, while the slow movement showed gifts of an altogether higher order. Later in the afternoon Hegner played Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, and an Étude and a Valse by Chopin.

DEATH OF MINORAME CROSMOND.—The sad circumstances of the suicide of the well-known opera-singer, Madame Hélène Crosmond, will tempt only those who love sensationalism to indulge in minute details. From first to last her life's history was a tale of misfortune. She clearly could not help her parentage; but it is to their credit that when their mother, Madame Rachel, fell into the hands of the police, she and her sisters and brother struggled hard to lead a respectable and honourable life. One sister eventually committed suicide in Paris, another sister is on the opera bouffe stage, while the brother holds a good position in commerce. Hélène Crosmond studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and in Italy, where she was a *protégée* of Verdi, Faccio, and others, she won a considerable reputation. In London she married Mr. Turner, a silk merchant, who, after losing heavily by speculation, committed suicide in an hotel. Madame Crosmond was a member of Mr. Mapleson's troupe at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the provinces, and in the United States. She afterwards sang under the *Gye régime* at the Royal Italian Opera, and under Mr. Harris's management at Drury Lane. Of late engagements became fewer; she was disappointed in a new contract, was pressed for money, drugged herself with opium to relieve a neuralgic pain in the head; and finally, in the calmest and most collected manner, bought a revolver in Pall Mall, hired a four-wheeled cab in Northumberland Avenue, and blew her brains out in Piccadilly. If the lesson will only



be taken to heart by ambitious young ladies who fancy that operatic life all nousegays and diamonds, poor Hélène Crosmond's death will not have been in vain. There are hundreds of operatic artists now out of employ, and who have not the smallest chance of earning a living. Public taste is fickle, and success lasts but a short time, and is bestowed only on the gifted few. The rank and file disappear, and, as Hélène Crosmond discovered, cannot even secure a sufficient number of pupils to gain a bare livelihood.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—The concerts of the week have been numerous, but of comparatively little interest.—At a performance given at Prince's Hall by the Band of the Royal Artillery, a clever symphony was produced from the pen of their conductor, Mr. L. Zaverthal.—Madame Frickenhaus, a talented English pianist, has given a recital, the chief item of the programme being Beethoven's sonata *Appassionata*.—A concert of Brahms' chamber music has been given by Mr. Orton Bradley, who should be recommended for the future to further diversify his programmes.—The Popular Musical Union have given a concert at Grosvenor House, at which that charming contralto Madame Semon (once known as Frl. Redeker) sang some German songs.—Concerts have also been given by Miss Alice Gomes, by Mr. Harkins, the Royal Academy students, the Musical Artists' Society, Mr. W. Carter, Mr. T. Werner, the students of the Kensington School of Music, and others.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Mr. Henschel has now been engaged in place of Mr. Santley (who is about to go abroad ill) for the "command" performance of *The Golden Legend* under Sir Arthur Sullivan, and in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, at the Albert Hall next Tuesday.—Madame Gerster, coming from New York, is expected in England to-morrow.—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie will deliver his inaugural address as Principal to the Royal Academy students to-day (Saturday).—Dr. Richter has arrived in London, and will conduct the first of the Richter Concerts on Monday.—A posthumous singing treatise, entitled *Ten Commandments of Music*, by the late Maurice Strakosch, will be issued next week.—Mr. H. Klein has just brought out, through Messrs. Carson and Comerford, a valuable review of the music of the past year. It is entitled *Musical Notes*, is furnished with a full index to make it useful for reference, and is published at the low price of a shilling.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has been appointed "corresponding member" for Great Britain of the Royal Institute of Music, Florence.—The young Scottish composer, Mr. Hamish McCunn, has undertaken to write a new cantata on *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* for the forthcoming season of the Glasgow Choral Union.



The revival of *The Ironmaster* at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre presents Mrs. Kendal once more in one of the finest of her impersonations. The play is not altogether a pleasing one. Its sentiment is false; its leading personages, in whose fortunes we are nevertheless expected to sympathise deeply, behave in a fashion which stamps them as wayward, selfish, and vulgar persons; and yet, so great is the power of fine acting, that Mrs. Kendal, in the character of Claire de Beaupré, is able to awaken a powerful interest and to maintain it to the end. As if the recent disastrous attempt to give new vitality to the dead and buried sentimentality of *The Wife's Secret* had only stimulated them to put forth their best powers on the occasion, the whole company played on Saturday evening with remarkable power and spirit. Mr. Kendal's unsympathetic voice played him false less frequently than it is sometimes wont to do, and his manly bearing, save when he descends to bully and threaten his capricious bride, was really impressive. There have been some notable changes in the cast. Mr. Mackintosh now plays the vulgar old chocolate-maker, Moulinet, not, it must be confessed, with the subtlety and fine moderation which marked his memorable impersonation of the Dutch King, yet with a strong sense of the comic characteristics of the part. In Miss Rose Murray the management have secured a handsome representative of Claire's spiteful and exultant rival, and in Mr. Lewis Waller a representative of the cynical Duke who carefully avoids overdoing that thankless part. Miss Fanny Brough as the Baronne de Préfont, Mr. Waring as Octave, Miss B. Horlock as Suzanne, Mr. H. Kemble as Béchelin; and Mrs. Gaston Murray in her former character of the Marquise de Beaupré, each and all contributed materially to the success of the performance. Mr. Pinero's adaptation is revived in pursuance of the plan of the management already announced, and is one of a series of revivals of former successes with which the Hare and Kendal management of the St. James's is to be brought to a close.

If Mr. Walter Reynolds's new drama, in five acts, which has been played this week at five successive *matinées* at the AVENUE Theatre, were well worth serious consideration, we might venture to ask why it bears the title of *Church and Stage*. Among its personages there is, it is true, a young clergyman who marries an actress, and who is given to denounce the common prejudices of his cloth against the acting profession; but his views on this subject have but little to do with the story of the play, which is of the old-fashioned suburban melodrama pattern, full of raw schemes of villany and counter-schemes on the part of the protectors of persecuted virtue. Mr. Reynolds, who plays the part of the hero of his own play in the appropriate style which is professionally known as "heavy," has neither the gift of subtle portraiture, nor the art of writing natural dialogue. The piece, in brief, is a coarse and crude production. It seemed, however, to introduce a novice in the person of Miss Amy McNeill, a young actress who has obviously many qualifications for playing heroines of domestic drama.

Messrs. Carton and Raleigh have, unfortunately, not been so happily inspired in working their new farcical comedy produced at the STRAND Theatre on Tuesday afternoon as they were in the case of that amusing piece *The Great Pink Pearl*. The new play, which bears the title of *The Treasure*, is based upon that perennial source of comedy, the expectations of hungry relatives in relation to a will; but the situation is made rather perplexing than comic, and the spectator, in spite of some clever acting on the part of Miss Kate Lawler, Mr. Somerset, and Miss Compton missed the high tide of fun which carries pieces of this class to a successful termination.

Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's own version of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is to be brought out at TERRY'S Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, the 14th inst. Miss Vera Beringer, the little lady who played with such remarkable simplicity, tact, and natural grace, the child part in her mother's comedy entitled *Tares*, at a recent morning performance, is to enact the youthful hero. In order to distinguish this from the unauthorised version it is to be known as *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Readers of Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's delightful novelette will be glad to know that the little hero will not connive at a deception practised upon his noble grandfather, but will be the same honest, straightforward little fellow as he appears in the book.

It has at last been arranged that Mrs. John Wood will be the lessee and manager of the new COURT Theatre. Mr. Arthur Cecil will also be a prominent member of the company. It is expected that the new house will be opened about the middle of September next.

The dramatic author in New York who sued Mr. Irving for detaining, as was alleged, a manuscript play, has not succeeded in convincing the American judge and jury of the justice of his complaint. Mr. Bram Stoker was able to show that the disappointed

gentleman's manuscript was duly left out for him according to his own directions.

M. Frederici, a vocalist and actor, well known in America as the representative in that country of the Mikado and of the Baronet in *Ruddigore*, died suddenly the other day of heart disease while descending a trap as Mephistopheles, in Melbourne.

The play-going public will be glad to welcome Mr. Wilson Barrett back to his old quarters at the PRINCESS'S, where he will reappear on the 17th inst., in *Ben My Chree*, the dramatic version of Mr. Hall Caine's novel *The Deemster*, which has long been in preparation. It is probable that this arrangement, for the present only temporary, will result in Mr. Barrett's resuming the lesseship of the house.

Mr. Samuel French of the STRAND is, it appears, the fortunate proprietor of the English rights in *Les Surprises du Divorce*, the most amusing and the most harmless of the farcical comedies which the French stage has produced for some time. Mr. Hare will bring it out in London.

In the new drop-scene at TOOLE'S Theatre the popular actor and manager is seen, in academic cap and gown, peeping from between curtains, while on each side, upon ample medallions, are depicted charming river-scenes, with views in the distance of the towers and spires of the renowned Universities to which Thackeray was wont to refer as "Camford and Oxbridge." Camford, by the way, is the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Merivale's new comedy *The Don*, which nightly causes the walls of Toole's Theatre to vibrate with the hilarious outbursts of the spectators. The subject of the new drop-scene would hardly have been chosen if there were any near prospect of *The Don* exhausting its popularity.

Mr. Savile Clarke, who so cleverly dramatised *Alice in Wonderland* for the amusement of holiday audiences last year, has undertaken the arrangement of a series of *tableaux vivants* from the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, which are to be one of the manifold attractions of the forthcoming Anglo-Danish Exhibition at South Kensington. The Exhibition will be opened on the 14th inst. by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY I.

A RAPID survey of the one-hundred-and-twentieth exhibition of the Royal Academy leaves a rather favourable impression. A few of our most accomplished painters are poorly represented, and one or two pictures that have been much talked about are found to have less merit than has been attributed to them. The general level of the work, however, seems to us rather above that of last year, and there are an unusually large number of good works by painters whose names are not yet familiarly known to the public. If there are not many important examples of imaginative design the supremacy of the English school of portraiture is well maintained. In the department of landscape the exhibition is not strong, but pictures of the sea are more numerous than ever before, and among them are several of rare excellence.

On entering the first room we are attracted by the only contribution of Mr. H. S. Marks, "From Sunny Seas," representing a room in a country vicarage, with a young man telling the story of his travels to his aged father. As a piece of character painting nothing could be better than the old clergyman who traces out the course of the vessel on a chart, as he listens with absorbed interest. All the subordinate facts are appropriate, and in good keeping, and the bit of English rural landscape seen through the open window is of great beauty. On one side of this is a fresh and vigorously-painted sea-view, "Fishers of the North Sea," by Mr. Colin Hunter, and on the other an admirable example of the work of Mr. Henry Moore, "Nearing the Needles," in which the sense of movement in the deep blue sea, and the fitful flush of warm light on the distant cliffs are rendered with extraordinary skill. In "Poverty and Wealth," on the opposite wall, Mr. Frith has depicted, in his usual careful and finished style, a crowded London street, with richly-dressed ladies, itinerant dealers, and ragged little girls clamouring at a fish-shop for the distribution of the superfluous stock. Mr. Frank Holl's portraits of "Sir Andrew Clark" and "Sir Richard Webster" would claim more notice if there were not several better works by him in the Gallery. Mr. Richmond's life-like head of "Prince Von Bismarck," Mr. Val C. Prinsep's weird picture of "Medea" gathering poisonous fungi in a forest, and a charming scene of domestic life by Mr. F. D. Millet—the best oil-picture we have seen by him—are among other good things in the room that we leave for future notice.

The central place in the Second Gallery is occupied by a picture of a heavily-laden old Highland woman, resting by a river's side, called, "And With the Burden of Many Years." It is on a larger scale than many previous works by him, which are very similar to it in subject and treatment. The figure is characteristic, and the landscape in good keeping with it. Mr. Armitage's nude "Siren," gracefully posed on a rock contemplating with malign satisfaction the galleys foundering in the sea below, is distinguished by purity of colour, and academic accuracy of design. Mr. Albert Moore's "River Side" is similar in subject to his smaller picture at the Grosvenor, but here we see the faces of the three maidens instead of their backs. It is an excellent example of refined decorative art. The pale, passionless faces, have great beauty, and the draperies of blue, green, and yellow, which define the graceful contours of their figures, are most artistically disposed. Near it hangs a striking portrait of himself by Mr. Poynter, destined to occupy a place in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. The head, which wears a most penetrating expression, is full of individuality, and finely modelled. Another very strong work is the half-length portrait of "His Eminence Cardinal Manning," in ecclesiastical costume, by Mr. Oulless. It is a masterly rendering of individual character, and is remarkable besides, for its dignified simplicity of treatment. It is the best of many excellent portraits by the painter in the exhibition, and, we think, the best that he has produced. Beside it is a very life-like head of "Monsieur Pasteur," painted in his firmest and best manner by M. Carolus Duran.

Immediately on entering the third gallery we come upon the only work of Mr. G. F. Watts. It is intended to typify "Dawn," and represents a partially draped female figure standing on a rock, and illumined by a faint glow of rosy morning light. The handling is in parts a little infirm, but it shows the artist's fine sense of style and feeling for abstract beauty of form. Passing for the present Mr. Peter Graham's large "Norfolk River," and Mr. Long's portrait of "Lord Randolph Churchill," we come to Mr. F. Goodall's "David's Promise to Bathsheba," to which the place of honour at the end of the gallery has been accorded. As to the artist's conception of the subject opinions are likely to differ very widely, but the picture has great artistic merit. There is a certain impressive dignity in the face of the aged and infirm king; and the nearly nude figure of the fair Shunammite girl, who supports him in her arms, is admirably drawn and modelled. The composition is good and the picture is full of carefully-studied detail, and painted with strength and solidity. We infinitely prefer it to Mr. Goodall's very much larger Scriptural composition in another room.

"Captive Andromache" is the title of one of the largest and most important oil pictures that Sir Frederick Leighton has produced. It represents the fulfilment of Hector's mournful prophecy, The Trojan widow, robed in black, is the central figure of the composition. Waiting her turn to draw water from the fountain, she looks pathetically at a young Greek, with his wife and child grouped on the edge of the marble terrace. Many graceful girls bearing water jars, and two Greeks, who look with derisive scorn at Andromache, complete the composition. Of the purity of the design, of the skilful arrangement of colour, or of the harmonious way in which the various elements of the work are combined, it would be difficult to speak too highly.

The central work on the opposite wall is occupied by a landscape, "Murthly Moss, Perthshire,"—the only contribution of Sir John Millais. The subject is of the simplest kind. It represents only a wide expanse of marshy ground and water, with a low range of wooded hills behind. The picture is not likely to be so popular as the artist's very realistic snow scene on view in the Haymarket, but it has more distinction of style. It is spacious in effect and very delicate in its gradations of subdued colour. The luxuriant rushes and water weeds, occupying a large space in the foreground, are painted in masterly style. On one side of this is Mr. Orchardson's pathetic domestic scene, "Her Mother's Voice," and on the other Mr. Alma-Tadema's remarkable realisation of antique life, "The Roses of Heliogabalus;" but these, together with Mr. G. D. Leslie's "The Child's Secret," Mr. Pettie's "The Traitor," Mr. Hook's "Day for the Lighthouse," Mr. Stone's "In Love," Mr. Gow's "A Lost Cause," and many other works in the Third Gallery we reserve for future notice.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE dissensions with regard to the management of the Grosvenor Gallery which have been prominently thrust before the public during the last few months have caused the opening of the present exhibition to be looked forward to with curiosity, and some misgivings. It will be found that, though somewhat below the average of previous years, it contains a great amount of interesting matter. The absence of anything by Mr. Watts, Mr. Alma-Tadema, or Mr. Burne-Jones, is, of course to be regretted, but many other of our foremost painters are extremely well represented. In portraiture, the collection is unusually strong. One of the first important works that we meet is a life-sized picture of "Miss Mabel Galloway," in a deep red dress, seated with careless ease on the edge of a table, by Mr. E. J. Gregory. It is one of the best works of the kind that he has produced remarkable, for its subdued harmony of rich colour as well as for the life-like aspect of the girl's face and the spontaneity of her attitude. All the subordinate facts—the porcelain jar, the flowers, and the embossed Venetian leather on the wall—are painted with realistic force, but the whole is in excellent keeping. By Mr. Frank Holl there is a characteristic portrait of "Lord Brassey," and another of "Sir George Stephens, Bart.;" but the best of his portraits, the most distinctly individual, and at the same time the simplest in treatment, and the most dignified, is the three-quarter length, seated, of "Sir John Rose, Bart." Near this hangs a surprisingly good picture by a comparatively unknown artist, Mr. Percy Bigland, representing "Lady Cairns," in a cream-coloured dress, standing against a white wall. It is an excellent example of refined female portraiture, well modulated in tone, and painted in a firm unobtrusive style.

A very large space of wall is occupied by Mr. W. E. F. Britten's picture of "A Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees Shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast." The story is clearly told, and the figures are correctly designed, but the heads want distinctive character and expression. The prevailing colour is lurid, and the composition somewhat formal. Mr. Britten succeeds better in work of a purely decorative kind. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "By the Waters of Babylon We Sat Down and Wept," hanging at the opposite end of the gallery, is also a very large and ambitious work. The two principal figures—a tall and dignified woman seated by the waterside, and a young girl with a harp crouching beside her—though not quite accurate in design, are extremely well grouped. The general effect is broad and simple, but the picture has no charm of colour, nor is it painted with the solidity and strength proper to work on so large a scale.

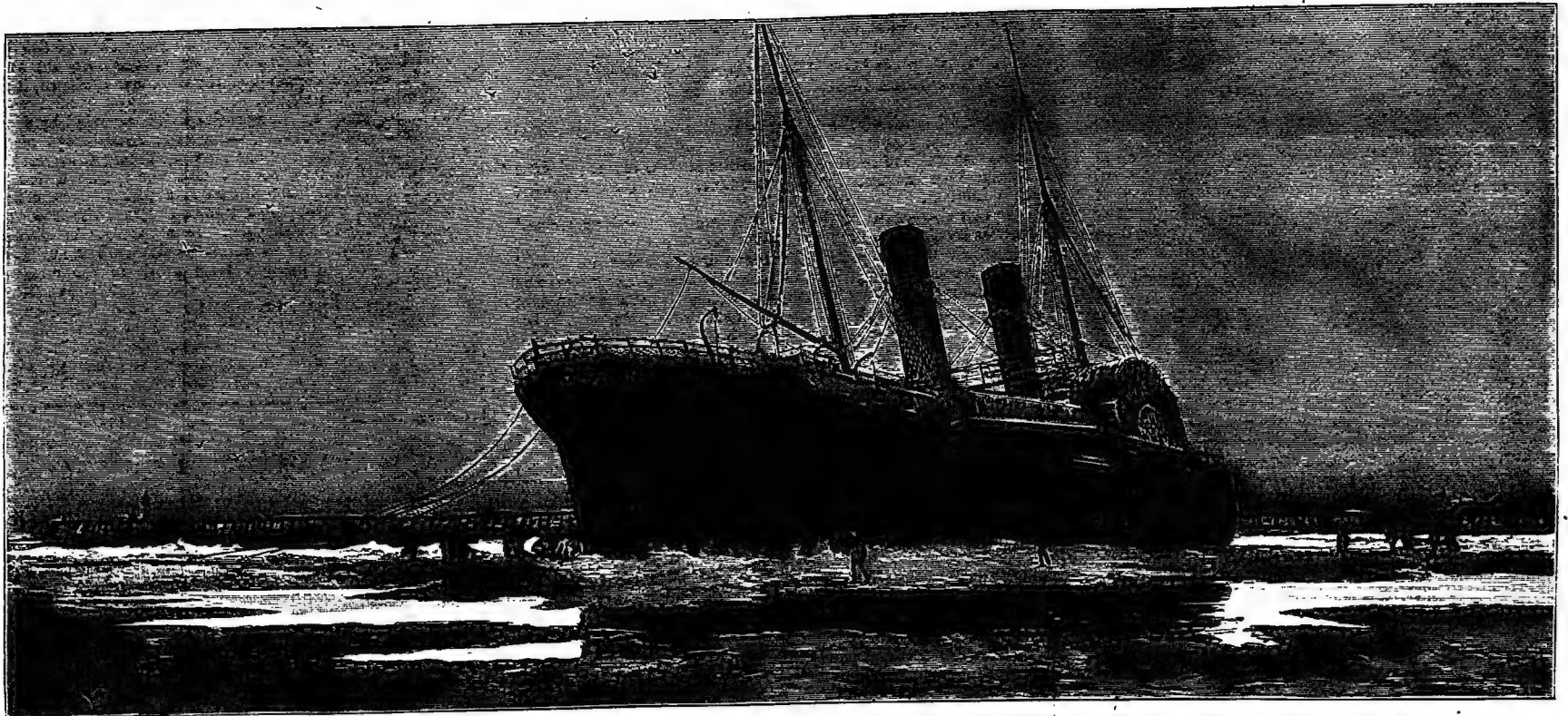
We have seen nothing in the way of classical design by Mr. Briton Riviere so perfectly harmonious in composition as his glowing little picture "Adonis's Farewell." The human figure is instinct with vitality and youthful grace, and the dogs leaping about him are drawn and painted in masterly style. Mr. Jacob Hood, whom we have hitherto known only as a portrait painter, has a large idyllic composition of many nude and lightly-clad figures in a landscape of vernal freshness, called "The Triumph of Spring." They are well designed, graceful in action, and most skilfully grouped. Mr. Albert Moore's small picture of three classically-draped maidens on a river's bank, "Waiting to Cross," is distinguished by his accustomed grace of design and refinement of colour. Miss Dorothy Tennant has done nothing so good as her small composition of two nude figures, "The Haunt of the Dryads." Though like all her paintings it recalls the work of Henner, it is not devoid of originality. The composition and colour are excellent, and the figures are admirably drawn.

Mr. Welwood Rattray shows a true sense of colour in a carefully-studied sea coast view, "When Wavelets Kiss the Pebbly Shore." It is full of the most delicate modulations of tone, and strongly suggestive of atmosphere and daylight. Mr. J. R. Reid's picturesque "The Fisherman's Haven" is poetical in feeling, and has very fine qualities of colour; but we cannot regard with much satisfaction his large and coarsely-painted picture "Smugglers—Cornwall Sixty Years Ago." Here smugglers, fishermen and sailors, women and children are crowded together in wild confusion. It is vague and undefined in form, and utterly incoherent in design. Everything in the picture appears to be on the same plane, and the scene is suffused by a glow of warm orange colour, suggestive of the artificial illumination of scenic effect. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's picture of stalwart Irish peasant girls crossing the sea with swimming cattle tethered to their boat, "Returning from Market," is strikingly characteristic, firmly painted, and effective.

The largest portrait in the collection—a full-length of "Henry Vigne, in Hunting Costume," by Mr. J. J. Shannon, is a strong piece of work, showing keen perception of individual character, and painted with great firmness and solidity. Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Portrait of a Lady" is distinguished by refinement of style and complete modelling of form. His other contributions are a characteristic and thoroughly unconventional small full-length of the "Hon. Guy Dawnay," and a life-like and expressive head of "Dr. Lippmann," of Berlin. Mr. T. Graham's small study of "Mr. Orchardson," Mr. E. A. Ward's sketch of "Joseph Cowen, Esq., M.P.," and Mr. Solomon's half-length of "Dr. Löwy," are among the remaining portraits best deserving notice.

**WEST LONDON HOSPITAL.**—At the festival held on behalf of this Institution, at the Hotel Métropole, last Tuesday, the Duke of Cambridge, who occupied the chair, stated that the hospital was established thirty-two years ago in the Hammersmith Road, and was now far too small to meet the wants of the large population which had grown up around it. He regretted to add that the balance-sheet showed a deficit of 4,158*l*. Subscriptions and donations of over 1,700*l*. were announced by the secretary, Mr. R. J. Gilbert, who will gratefully receive further aid.





THE CHANNEL STEAMER "INVICTA" STRANDED "OUTSIDE" CALAIS HARBOUR  
FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT BEFORE SHE WAS FLOATED



THE SNAKE RIVER CAÑON, LOOKING TOWARDS TWIN FALLS



VIEW ACROSS SNAKE RIVER ABOVE SHOSHONE FALLS—HOTEL IN THE DISTANCE



FERRY ABOVE SHOSHONE FALLS

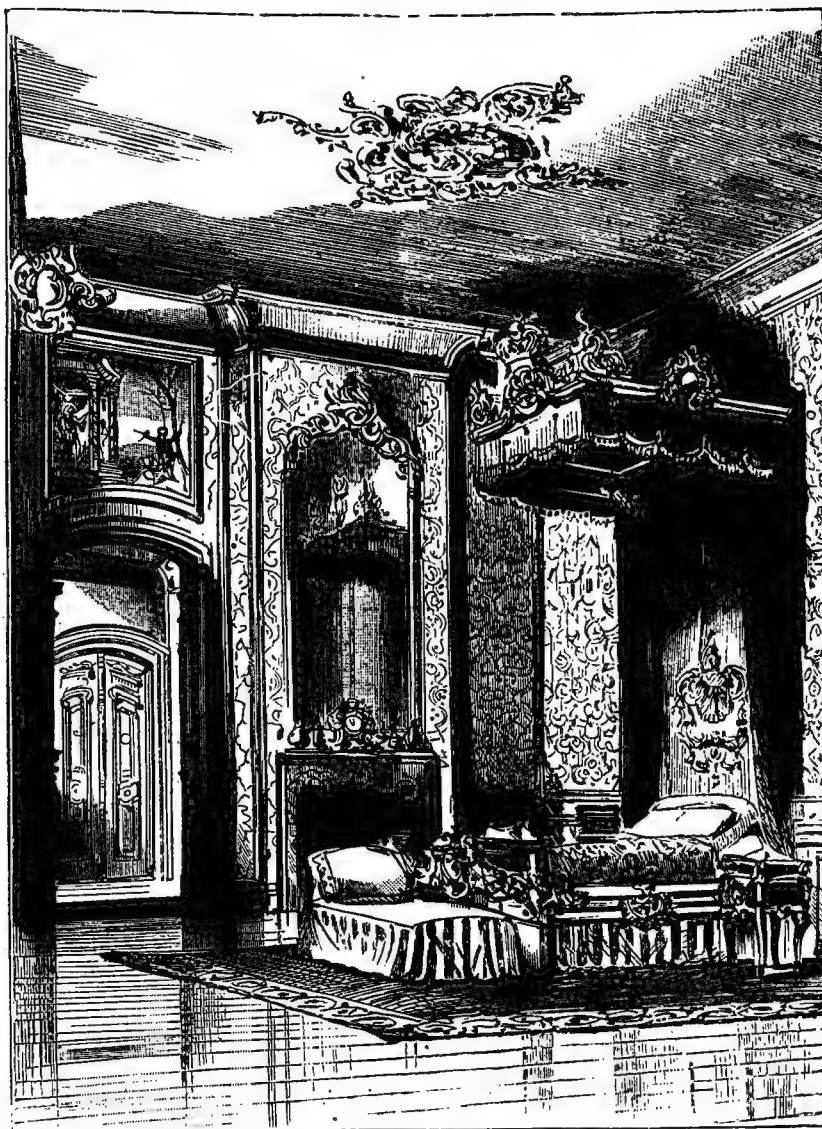


THE MILL RACE FALL AT SHOSHONE





AN AVALANCHE AT WASSEN, VALLEY OF REUSS, CANTON URI, SWITZERLAND



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BERLIN—HER MAJESTY'S BEDROOM IN THE PALACE, CHARLOTTENBURG  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist



THE ILLNESS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR  
READING THE LATEST BULLETINS OUTSIDE THE GUARDHOUSE, CHARLOTTENBURG  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist



## WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from page 492)

absolutely hostile to such a supposition, and his name does not appear on that slab at all. De Quincey came to the conclusion that they were the work of the sexton or parish clerk, who either placed the stone there as a warning while the tomb and bust were being finished, or for the purpose of solemnly adjuring future possible desecrators. Anne, Shakespeare's wife, who died on August 6th, 1623, was buried on the 8th, and her gravestone is next this stone, but nearer to the north wall, upon which Shakespeare's monument is placed. Nearer the south wall is a flat stone bearing the inscription, "To Susannah, wife to John Hall, gent.; ye daughter of William Shakespeare, gent.," and some verses which are evidently a sincere and hearty tribute to her piety, charity, and goodness.

The Centenary Celebration of 1864 was largely supported, and was enthusiastically prepared for, the Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, Mr. E. F. Horner, under an active committee, endeavouring to ensure a successful commemoration that should obtain the support of the nation. In spite of misunderstandings and jealousies, the main features of the festival were carried out with something like energy and spirit.

It had been determined to endeavour to raise by public donations a sufficient sum to found two or more scholarships at the Stratford Grammar School, and to provide a statue or other lasting memorial, but though many of the supporters of the movement subscribed liberally, the expenses of the commemoration were considerable, and some years elapsed before the intention was accomplished. Chiefly through the exertions of Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips, however, the former intentions of the Committee of the Shakespearean Club were fulfilled by the purchase of the site of New Place, and the restoration of the grounds and gardens, a property which in 1876 was handed over to the trustees of the "birthplace."

In 1872 the old theatre which had occupied part of the ground was taken down, and in 1887 the expectations of the promoters of the Tercentenary Celebration were realised by the erection of the new memorial building, which combines theatre, library, and museum, and cost 30,000*l*.

It would be interesting to trace the career of some of the intimate friends and admirers of Shakespeare did space permit. Of one of them, the chief associate to whose aid and ability perhaps Shakespeare, and certainly the English drama, owed much, it may be mentioned that he left landed estate producing 300*l*. a year, or equal to about 1,200*l*. in the present day; that he was buried in the church of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, and the inscription on his tomb is short and expressive:—

Exit Burbage.

His memory, like Shakespeare's, was kept green by the praise and the regard expressed by his contemporaries; but there is something inexpressibly sweet in the tributes to the greater, and it may be believed the more loveable man.

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That did so take Eliza and our James.

wrote Ben Jonson in his fine verse "to the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us." These manly words seem to show us what Shakespeare was—to bring before us the Club at the Mermaid with its wit and graceful persiflage and boon companionship; the true courtesy and gentleness and affection. They sound the keynote of all the tender regret and honest eulogium that followed the name and memory of William Shakespeare.



VARIOUS schemes have been broached to provide safe and competent trusteeships, public, instead of private. The latest is embodied in a Bill introduced by Mr. Warminster, M.P., Q.C., who was a solicitor before he went to the Bar. He proposes the appointment, by the Board of Trade, of an official trustee to discharge the office of trustee, executor, administrator, &c. This functionary is to have all the powers, duties, and responsibilities of an ordinary trustee, and in making good losses, he is in the first instance to draw on the Consolidated Fund. The expenses of his office, irrespective of cost of litigation and other law costs, are to be defrayed by a certain commission on the property with which he will be authorised to deal.

A DECISION of peculiar interest at the present time, in regard to the power of magistrates to refuse the renewal of licenses, was given this week by the Queen's Bench Division. A Westmoreland publican was refused by the justices the renewal of his license on the ground of "the remoteness of the house from police supervision and the character and necessities of the neighbourhood." The Westmoreland Quarter Sessions confirmed this decision, from which the publican appealed. Mr. Justice Field, with whom Mr. Justice Wills concurred, dismissed the appeal, holding, that in granting or refusing the renewal of a license, the justices had an absolute judicial discretion, with the limitation, that it must be discretion exercised in each individual case. By this, no doubt, Mr. Justice Field meant that a publican may be refused the renewal of his license because the justices think that his particular house is not wanted in that locality, but that it must not be refused simply because they object to the existence of public-houses in general.

OUR COURTS are very little disposed to interfere with disputes among the members of clubs, but Mr. Justice Kay, in a case brought before him in the Chancery Division, found it necessary to make an exception to the general rule, and animadverted very severely on the proceedings which had imposed on him this necessity. The plaintiff was a member of the Lord Randolph Churchill Club, in Wanstead Slip, in Essex, and the two defendants were its chairman and honorary secretary. In January, without any preliminary notice or explanation of any kind, he received a letter from the secretary requesting him to attend in a few days a meeting of the committee to answer a charge against him as an offending member, threatening him with expulsion. He replied, declining to attend the meeting without being informed what the charge was, and, on entering the club, was refused refreshments by order of the secretary, on the ground that he was not a member. A week afterwards he received notice that the committee had expelled him. On this he asked for an injunction to restrain the defendants from refusing him the privileges of the club. Meanwhile, apparently at the instance of members who had not attended the committee meeting at which his expulsion had been resolved on, but who now came forward, the resolution expelling him was rescinded. Practically, the chief question for the Court to decide was by whom the costs of the legal proceedings taken by the plaintiff were to be paid. The defendants had offered to pay a trifling sum for costs, and their counsel treated the contest as a small matter. Mr. Justice Kay said that, on the contrary, a gross wrong had been done to the plaintiff, and that it was a very serious matter for a body of Englishmen to act in this way behind a man's back. He ordered the defendants and those whom they represented to pay all the costs of the action.



## I.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* General Sir Edward Hamley, M.P., gives eloquent expression to the apprehensions he entertains on the subject of "The Defencelessness of London." In despair of seeing Parliamentary action taken for the defence of our capital, this distinguished officer makes his appeal to "the municipal authorities of London, supported by the desire of the inhabitants." To them he commends the consideration of the proposals made in his paper. "The facts," he observes, "must be accepted that any plan will cost money, and entail inconvenience. To many minds those objections are insurmountable; but, if they are to be allowed to prevail, that will be to proclaim that we are such slaves to our love of money, and our dislike to incur inconvenience, as to be incapable of exercising the faculty of self-defence, which is an attribute of all who call themselves men."—Mrs. Humphrey Ward may be regarded as fortunate in having Mr. Gladstone as a critic of her novel "Robert Elsmere," for which he will apparently do much the same service as he did for "John Inglesant." His review is kindly as towards the author, but, naturally, from his own point of view, he looks upon the variations in the hero's creed as occurring on very insufficient grounds. He admires Mrs. Ward's "brilliant and subtle understanding;" but clearly has a poor opinion of Robert Elsmere himself.

Mr. Freeman opens the *Fortnightly* with an historical paper on "The House of Lords and the County Councils." In reforming the House of Lords, he thinks that "we have really only to go back to its oldest principles to strengthen the official element, which has still lingered on, to call back the personal seat for life which the encroachment of the hereditary element had quite got rid of. He is all for restoring and strengthening the oldest elements in the House, so that the newer hereditary element, if it survive at all, shall not keep its present ascendancy over "its betters."—Sir Charles Dilke concludes his articles on "The British Army" with a summing up of the essentials of an adequate "National Defence."—Most pleasant is Mr. Grant Allen on "Sunday at Concord."—Mr. F. W. H. Myers is not so indiscriminating as many writers in his criticism of "Matthew Arnold." He maintains, however, that the author of "Literature and Dogma" has been misunderstood in a way which does injustice—not, indeed, to his arguments, but to his purpose and temper. He should be regarded, according to Mr. Myers, as "a specially devout and conservative agnostic," and not as "a flippant and illusory Christian."

The conspicuous feature in this month's *National Review* is of course "Peers' Eldest Sons on the Reform of the House of Lords." The eldest sons are limited to those who sit in the House of Commons. Most of them are in favour of a system of Life Peers. One, Mr. Bernard Coleridge, would do away with the House of Lords altogether. Mr. Charles W. Mills is sceptical about any reform of the House of Lords satisfying Radical opinion.—Lord Selborne, with "Disestablishment in Wales," examines a recent article on the subject by the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, who favoured concurrent endowment. Lord Selborne does not find it difficult to show that Cambrian Nonconformity would not look at such a proposal.—A kindly article, breathing affectionate regard, by Mr. Alfred Austin, on "Matthew Arnold," closes the review.

The address delivered by Mr. Leonard Courtney at the National Liberal Club in April on "The Occupation of Land" appears as the first article in the *May Contemporary*. It is as weighty and thoughtful in argument as we should expect anything from the Chairman of Committees to be. As regards the ground landlord and tenant, Mr. Courtney's view is that if they were both following their own interests, clearly you would have no occasion to bring in an outer authority; but if there is a sufficient case shown that it is impossible to get the full use of the land by the inaction of the one or the other, then there is a case shown for bringing in an overruling controlling authority to develop that use. Mr. Courtney might, perhaps, be more lucid if in him the economist did not war with the politician.—Mr. George Wyndham combats "Mr. Davitt's Treatment of Irish Statistics." He shows that in many instances the judicial rents are higher than the former rents. In Fermanagh, in eleven instances there has been an increase of 168·3 per cent. In County Kildare there has been rise of 21·1 per cent.; in Queen's County of 2 per cent., and for the whole province of Leinster of 6·7 per cent.

Mr. John Paget fights chivalrously in *Blackwood* for the lady who had such sway over the hero of the Nile. His "Lady Hamilton and Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson" will affect readers according to their particular notions of what may be worthy of charity.—Dr. Charles Mackay will amply repay perusal in "English Slang and French Argot: Fashionable and Unfashionable."

H.R.H. Princess Christian contributes to the pages of *Murray* an intelligent, lucidly-written paper in praise of needlework. It is in large measure historical. In all branches of plain needlework the French and Germans were far ahead of us, but Princess Christian is "confident that England will in the end do even more than hold her own, seeing what enormous progress has been made since the conviction has made itself felt, that it was of national importance that plain work should be taught scientifically in the schools throughout the kingdom."—Mr. W. H. Acworth's instructive articles on railways are continued this month with "The Great Western Railway."—Pleasant and amusing are "A Day of His Life at Oxford" by an Undergraduate, and "A Day of Her Life at Oxford" by a Lady Undergraduate.

"Sydney Smith" is the subject of a literary essay by Mr. George Saintsbury in *Macmillan*. As a prince of talkers the writer thinks Sydney might have been a bore to a generation wiser than his fathers, perhaps, in that single point, and not so ambitious as they were to sit as a bucket and be pumped into. "But," he concludes, "in that infinitely happier system of conversation by books which any one can enjoy as he likes, and interrupt as he likes at his own fireside, Sydney is a prince."—Young men of education and respectable family, thinking of wandering and settling over the sea, might do worse than study "Gentlemen Emigrants," which is the outcome plainly of sound sense and acute observation.

There is a very readable paper in *Cornhill* on "The Grand Tour," as that institution was understood sixty or seventy years ago. Things did not go very well then, at least, not altogether for travellers. "Tall people," says a contemporary of our grandfathers, "cannot sleep comfortably in any part of Germany; the beds, which are very narrow, being placed in wooden frames or boxes, so short that any person who happens to be above five feet in height must absolutely sit up all night supported by pillows; and this is, in fact, the way in which the Germans sleep."

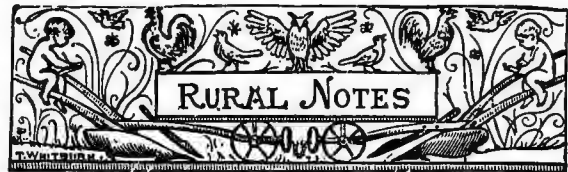
In *Longman* Dr. B. W. Richardson treats of "Foods for Man, Animal and Vegetable: a Comparison." One of his arguments is sound enough. If we ate all our barley and did not drink it, if we lived on bread and fresh vegetables, our staying-power would be greater if our foreign food supplies were cut off.

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* is a fine engraving by E. Schladitz, of "Kaiser Wilhelm I.," about whom Mr. G. M. Rhodes writes "Some Recollections," pleasantly pieced together.—The subject of Miss Elizabeth Balch's "Glimpses of Old English Homes" is this month "Hinchbrook."

Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane) contributes to the *Woman's World* an able historical paper on "Records of a Fallen Dynasty." It is illustrated, and one of the pictures, "Prince Charles Edward Stuart disguised as Betty Burke," forms the frontispiece of the magazine.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching, by Mr. J. Dobie, from Mr. Walter Langley's painting "Betrayed."—Jean Jacques Henner is a presentation to the English public of a great artistic personality by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who performs his task well. The article is accompanied by some charming portraits of women from the foreign artist's work.—In this periodical, there is, too, this month, an admirable full-page engraving from Mr. G. F. Watts' picture of Sir Frederick Leighton.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is an etching of "Trafalgar Square," by Brunet Debaines.—The most noticeable paper is Miss Alice Meynell's illustrated account of Sarah Bernhardt.



**SHEEP.**—There is a fashion in sheep, as there is in the product of their fleeces, and this fashion at present sets in favour of dark brown or black against white. While Lincoln and Cotswold rams are selling at 11*l*. or 12*l*. as a general average for noted flocks, Shropshires are making 20*l*. to 25*l*., and several pounds more for the most famous flocks, and 200 guineas for a single ram. They have spread rapidly in these districts in competition with long wools, whose numbers, if compared with those of forty years ago, will be found to have considerably diminished.

**TITHE-RENT CHARGE.**—Lord Salisbury's Bill on this subject has now passed its second reading in the Upper House. In the course of discussion Lord De La Warr urged that there should be a re-adjustment of the charge, which was arranged and settled at a time when the prices of agricultural produce were higher than at present. The Earl of Kimberley pointed out that the Bill was not for re-adjustment, but for facilitating the recovery of tithe. It appeared to him to be unjust to give the County Court power to direct tithe overdue to be charged on land held by the same occupier, but not otherwise liable to tithe. The Archbishop of Canterbury accepted the Bill with a present loss to the Church of 8 per cent. in place of a more permanent loss of 5 per cent. The Marquis of Salisbury, in reply to Lord Kimberley, explained that the provision for recovery from non-titheable lands was of a retrospective character, relating to existing dues not yet paid. The main provision of the Bill was the charging of the landlord with the duty of collecting the tithe and handing it to the clergy.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIGHWAYS.**—In the House of Commons last week Mr. Leake asked whether the contribution under the Local Government Bill from the County Councils to District Councils for the maintenance and repair of main roads would be the entire expenditure legalised by the Highways Act of 1878, and not as at present the half of such expenditure? Mr. Ritchie's official answer was, that under the Local Government Bill all main roads were to be wholly maintained and repaired by the County Councils, except those under the control of the urban authorities. The contributions to the County Councils and District Councils would be based on the total expenditure in the maintenance of the roads. Under the Bill, the amount of contributions was to be settled by agreement, or failing agreement, by arbitration.

**MARGARINE.**—The Act which became law at the beginning of 1888 is already proving too lenient. It pays to sell margarine and brave the penalties. In France a far more determined policy is found necessary to keep adulteration down, and it is obviously absurd to expect the mild penalties of the English law to set up any real or wholesome scare among evil-doers. A butter merchant at Lisieux, who has been selling as pure Normandy butter a combination containing 40 per cent. of margarine, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, a fine to the Court of 120*l*., and the costs of the sentence being inserted as an advertisement in all the county newspapers, some twenty in number.

**THE ALLOTMENTS ACT.**—Replying to a correspondent, who asked the opinion of Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., on the working of this Act, the hon. member has just sent the following reply:—"With respect to the Allotments Act Mr. Collings wishes to state that while the Act is not perfect, and is capable of amendment, yet it has many good points, and is a direct advance in legislation with regard to allotments. It is especially valuable in that it admits the principle of the compulsory acquisition of lands by local authorities, which is a principle that has been contended for throughout. In a large number of cases—a number increasing every week—the indirect effect of the Act is beneficially shown in the voluntary provision of allotments in districts where they are needed." We hear that the granting of allotments to labourers is strenuously opposed in parts of Lincolnshire, but from the adjacent county of Norfolk, from Cheshire, and from the country generally we learn that the landowners are actively encouraging their men to take up land.

**AGRICULTURAL PRICES.**—The wheat trade is again firmer, and most of the agricultural exchanges are 1*s*. dearer for English wheat. Imported wheat is well held, but prices are not notably improved. Maize, from scarcity, fetches 26*s*. 6*d*. per qr., and in retail as much as 4*s*. per bushel is being demanded. The large quantity of barley on passage to the United Kingdom makes ordinary qualities rather cheaper to buy, but for fine malting barley good rates continue to prevail. A good business has been doing in farm seeds, and the advance recently quoted in alsike and trefoil is fully supported, as is the case with tares and peas. The meat market is now a little quieter both for beef and for mutton; but there has not been any decline, except in the North of England, where lower prices are now being accepted for sheep. The wool market is cheerful in tone, and hops are dearer on the week.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.**—A black stork has been shot near Salthouse, by Cley-next-the-Sea.—The hoopoe has been observed five times this season in different parts of the country. We hope that this beautiful visitant will always be spared by sportsmen, as, with a little encouragement, it might again become indigenous in these islands.—Attempts are being made to acclimatise a South American game-bird called the timabu. It is unlike any English bird, but has characteristics uniting it on the one hand to the partridge, and, on the other, to the landrail.—Lord Clifton, of Cobham, near Gravesend, writes: "On April 13th, that very local bird, the woodlark, paid me a visit, the first I have ever identified in twenty-two years' observation of British birds. The swallow, redstart, and wheatear, turned up here on April 16th and the yellow wagtail next day. On the evening of the 18th, I ran out with my glass to look at what I thought was a small chiffchaff in some furze bushes, but, to my surprise, found it was a female firecrest."

**THE FAIRY-FLOWER SHOW**, which is now regularly expected in May, was duly opened on Tuesday, when Mr. Bull's Orchid Exhibition in the King's Road, Chelsea, attracted many fashionable visitors. The old fantastic blossoms, and here and there a new freak in form or colour asserted the right of orchids to be regarded as the most curious, various, and fanciful floral display, *recherché et piquante* that the London season can boast. When any one feels rather used-up by other exhibitions our advice is to "go to an orchid show," and forget the common-places of life.







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# WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

BY THOMAS ARCHER.—IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE FORTHCOMING FESTIVAL was indirectly announced by the manager in his farewell verses at the end of the season at Drury Lane, and by the 5th of September the rather dingy, slovenly, but fairly spacious old town was crowded with visitors, and had been refurbished up, and was plentifully decorated. The Jubilee Celebration commenced the next day (Wednesday, the 6th September) at five o'clock in the morning, by the firing of thirty or forty cannons, "cohorns," and mortars, which had been ranged on the banks of the Avon, and this, having presumably waked everybody in the town, a serenade to the ladies was performed through the principal streets by a number of professional singers in costume from Drury Lane, accompanied by the full theatrical band. At nine o'clock there was a public breakfast in the new Town Hall, presided over by Garrick, who had previously been waited on by the Mayor and Corporation, who appointed him "Steward" of the Jubilee, and presented him with a wand of office and a badge consisting of a medallion of Shakespeare, carved on a piece of the mulberry-tree, and set in gold. At the breakfast, at which the band discoursed eloquent music, the great number of distinguished visitors, ladies as well as gentlemen, wore "favours" in honour of Shakespeare, and at the conclusion of the entertainment the company proceeded to the church, where the oratorio of *Judith* was performed under the superintendence of Dr. Arne. A procession with music was then formed from the church to an amphitheatre, a wooden building which had been erected for the occasion on the Bancroft, near the river bank. It was an octagonal building, on the model of the Rotunda at Ranelagh, the roof and its light supporting columns handsomely painted and gilded. This building was calculated to hold about a thousand persons, and the orchestra a hundred performers. After a dinner, to which about two hundred persons sat down, a musical performance took place here, among the chief features of which were several "appropriate" songs, most of them written by Garrick for the occasion, and received with uproarious applause.

In the evening the amphitheatre was again open for a grand ball, which lasted till three o'clock the next morning. The town was illuminated, there was a display of fireworks and in front of the building was a transparency designed, it has been said, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing Time leading Shakespeare to Immortality, the figure of Comedy appearing on one side, and that of Tragedy

on the other. The windows were also decorated with transparencies of Shakespeare and some characters of his plays.

On the following morning there were more discharges of artillery, bell-ringing, and serenading, preceding another public breakfast, and at eleven o'clock every body who could gain admission went to the amphitheatre to hear the performance of Garrick's "Shakespeare Ode," which had been composed for the dedication of the Town Hall and the placing in the vacant niche the statue which he had presented to the Corporation. The music was by Dr. Arne.

Garrick, stationed in the centre of the orchestra, dressed in a brown suit richly embroidered with gold lace, and with his Shakespeare badge on his breast, and his wand of office in his hand, declaimed the words.

Boswell, who was present, described the performance in his feebly grandiloquent style:—"The performance of the 'Dedication Ode' was noble and affecting, it was like an exhibition in Athens or Rome. The whole audience were fixed in the most earnest attention, and I do believe that if any one had attempted to disturb the performance he would have been in danger of his life. Garrick, in the front of the orchestra—filled with the first musicians of the nation, with Dr. Arne at their head—and inspired with an awful elevation of soul, while he looked from time to time at the venerable statue of Shakespeare, appeared more than himself. While he repeated the 'Ode,' and saw the various passions and feelings which it contains fully transfused into all around him, he seemed in ecstasy, and gave us the idea of a mortal transformed into a demi-god, as we read in the pagan mythology."

The "Dedication Ode," though a lengthy and somewhat turgid production, scarcely deserved to be bespattered with the praise of Boswell, who during this Jubilee, as on many other occasions, seems to have made an egregious fool of himself. He appeared that night at the Celebration Masquerade which succeeded the Dedication in the character of a Corsican chieftain, dressed in a short dark-coloured coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and breeches and black spatterdash. His conical black-cloth cap was inscribed "Viva la Liberta," and bore a blue feather and cockade, a cartridge pouch, a stiletto, a pistol, and a musket slung to his shoulder completed the equipment of this friend of Paoli and the independence of Corsica, about which he had written a book, and therefore went about at Stratford—even when not masquerading—with "Corsica Boswell" printed in large letters outside his hat.

The last day of the Celebration was disfigured by a deluge of rain, and the grand Shakespeare pageant of characters in the dramas, with banners, cars, chariots, and a cavalcade, which had been prepared was abandoned. There was a Jubilee horse-race on Shottery Meadow in which five colts ran up to their knees in water, and in the evening the Celebration terminated with another grand ball in the Town Hall, where Mrs. Garrick, who had been a professional danseuse before her marriage, attracted great attention by her graceful performance of a minuet. The pageant, which had been devised by Garrick and rehearsed, was not wasted. In the following month, the enterprising and astute manager produced it with great magnificence at Drury Lane theatre, where it had an exceedingly popular run of about a hundred nights. On the whole, the Shakespeare Jubilee Celebration of 1769 was successful, and it stirred up a greater interest in all that appertained to Shakespeare and his work. Garrick knew very well how to contrive to suit all tastes, and the entertainments at Stratford had been considerably mixed. The "Ode" no doubt was in what was then considered to be the High School of Eulogium, but the songs which were written by Garrick to intersperse the concert were, some of them, of a much more familiar character, and apparently designed to please the townsfolk, if not to propitiate the "groundlings."

Here are two verses from one called "The Warwickshire Lad," which was applauded to the echo:—

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
Where nature has lavished her bounty,  
Where much she has given, and some to be spared,  
For the bard of all bards is a Warwickshire bard.



CHARLECOTE HALL, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON  
The Modern Building

Warwickshire bard  
Never pair'd  
For the bards of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.

Our Shakespeare compared is to no man,  
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,  
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet Swan,  
And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man,  
Warwickshire man,  
Avon's Swan,  
And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man

There is no need to criticise this: it may, perhaps, be properly regarded as an excrescence of expediency in relation to the Shakespeare Celebration of 1769, and the part that Garrick took in handling and conducting it. That Celebration did good work, inasmuch as it formed a precedent for succeeding efforts which have resulted directly and indirectly in the preservation and restoration of the house in Henley Street, and the localities indubitably associated with the great poet, and in the still more extensive preservation and restoration of the beautiful church. There is to be seen the latest, the most suggestive, and, we might say, the most encouraging token of reverence and infinite regard to the poet of every age and of all time—the Memorial Window presented by American visitors, and unveiled in the first week of May, 1885. This window, which was executed by Messrs. James Westlake and Co., of London, and cost 224*l.*, was suggested by Mr. Henry Graves, and the work was put in hand by the late Dr. Collis, in 1874. It represents Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," illustrated by subjects from Holy Scripture: Infancy by Moses in the bulrushes, Youth by Samuel before Eli, Manhood by Isaac and Rebekah, the Soldier by Joshua leading the armies of Israel, Wisdom by the Judgment of Solomon, the Philosopher by Abraham and the Angels, and Old Age by Isaac blessing Jacob. There are many who, while they utterly discard the so-called relics—supposed to be made from the mulberry-tree or the wood of the "boundary elm," beneath which the ancient Courts Leet were held, and where it is said Shakespeare played in his childhood—will dwell with feelings of deep sentiment on this memorial window in the chancel of the church. Indeed, Stratford has, for a generation past, rather overdone the business in relics, and though some of those which date from the early time of the rescue of the house in Henley Street, and the garden of what was once New Place, may be regarded as authentic, visitors of experience are apt to be a little shy. Even the elaborate old seat known as Shakespeare's chair can only be accepted as probably genuine, though it has a pedigree which gives it a decided claim, and the gold signet-ring which was found in the churchyard, and bears the undoubted initials "W. S.," and is of the Shakespearian age, has only circumstantial evidence for its verity. It may be noticed, however, that though, in all probability, Shakespeare had such a ring, he mentions no ring among the bequests of personal matters in his will, though he mentions his sword, his plate, his jewels, and his silver-gilt bowl. Moreover, he leaves twenty-six shillings and eightpence to some of his friends and kinsmen to buy rings. There is, at all events, a superficial appearance of his having lost his own ring, and of that being the reason for his omitting to mention it. As to the chair there is a little confusion, for there was an old chair, or heavy oaken settle, in the garden of the cottage where dwelt the charming Anne Hathaway at the time that the stripling Shakespeare went a-courting, and tradition had it that there the boy poet used to sit—and where Anne sat, unless the slim pair sat side by side in the one seat, tradition sayeth not—but the chair was—or it was pretended that it was—preserved—brought out of the garden and into the house long afterwards, and named Shakespeare's Courting Chair. It is a vague story, but not without some pretty fancies, and it may remind us that we should return once more to the story of what is known about Shakespeare himself, and to Stratford, and the Avon, and Charlecote, and the village of Shottery.

The visitor to Stratford-upon-Avon who has not only an acquaintance with the descriptive passages in those marvellous dramas of human passion and custom, but an imaginative faculty which, making allowance for changes wrought by Time's effacing fingers, and by so-called improvements, can picture the old town and the beautiful surrounding localities as they were nearly three centuries ago, may still enjoy a rare holiday in rambling over meadows and gently-undulating landscape, pleasant hills, wooded ridges, and the delightful banks of the beautiful and peaceful Avon, holding its placid course through fertile fields beneath wooded heights, spreading amidst osier-clad flats, and narrowing to a swifter course.

Turning to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that early-written play, we shall find how Shakespeare's thoughts dwelt on the aspect of his well-loved river:—

The current that with gentle murmur glides  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport to the wild ocean.



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL BUST AND TABLET, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH





HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN  
As Now Restored

The river itself, and even the principal natural features of its banks, have probably undergone little change since Shakespeare marked them, and the heart and eye attuned to Nature will find in the surroundings of Stratford the rustic lanes, the woodland scenes, the pastoral beauties, the hills and glades, the flowers, the birds, the trees, the aspects that Shakespeare knew and painted in vivid words.

The first visit is naturally paid to the poet's birthplace,—that house in Henley Street which has undergone such vicissitudes to be at last preserved as a national monument. It has been of course renovated, but with something of the judicious care that leaves its earlier features unchanged. After a portion of it had ceased to be a butcher's shop, the inscription, "The immortal Shakespeare was born in this house" appeared on the front, and the house or that portion of it was rented by an old woman, who made part of her living by showing to visitors the rooms of about a fourth part of the original building—a little shop, a back kitchen, and two rooms upstairs, in one of which,—the room in which Shakespeare was said to have been born,—the walls and even the ceiling contained the pencilled names of a host of visitors, many illustrious, some notorious, but most of them obscure.

It is recorded that the last descendant of the Harts, having been obliged to quit the house under process of ejectment, took her revenge by whitewashing over all the names, and that her successor had a good deal of trouble in removing the whitewash, so that most of them became legible. At that time the poor old dame, who had been compelled to leave, opened an opposition business-house on the other side of the street, where she had collected a number of dingy and worthless articles, represented to be "relics" of Shakespeare, while she bravely claimed some poetic genius in virtue of her descent, and had written, or professed to have written, a remarkable poem on the Battle of Waterloo. Poor old creature, she has departed long ago, and so has her successor in Shakespeare's house, but there are still a number of pretended Shakespeare relics for sale or on show in the town, and, in fact, Stratford-upon-Avon may be said to live by and for the memory of the immortal bard whose image and superscription meet you at almost every step. The house, however, is rescued from neglect and decay, and the ascertained facts have supported tradition in declaring it to be Shakespeare's birthplace. "I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage," wrote Washington Irving. "My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by- corners; the walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language of pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of Nature. The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, with a frosty-red face, lightened up by a cold, blue, anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was particularly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds." Doubtless the portion of the house at Henley that was shown then—and perhaps even the whole building, and the small, low rooms—looked mean and squalid; but now that the whole building has been recovered, and the houses that at a later date crept around it, as well as its ancient neighbours, have been removed, we can better judge of what it may have been when John Shakespeare bought the property, where his son William, with the other children, sat, ate, and drank in the queer old kitchen, where that same William Shakespeare, the famous poet, often sat in the inglenook, the cosy corner by the wide chimney, on his occasional excursion from London or his periodical sojourn with his family in the old town.

At the time that John Shakespeare first dwelt in this house it was probably one of the most comfortable and commodious in the place—a substantial middle-class dwelling; for at that time the streets of Stratford-upon-Avon, though wide and open, as became a place where there was a cattle-market and a good deal of traffic, were not remarkable for houses of much pretension, and, in fact, successive fires had destroyed a good many of the poor, mean thatched dwellings, and this building in Henley Street would compare favourably with most of its neighbours that succeeded them.

Stratford was a primitive straggling place, with about 1,400 or 1,500 inhabitants, and a place a good deal wanting in sanitary arrangements, for at the time of Shakespeare's birth the plague had carried off about one-eighth part of the population. There was a good deal of refuse hay and straw and other out-scourings in the streets—to say nothing of dung-heaps—for one of which John Shakespeare himself and one of his neighbours was fined by the Corporation. Even in later days Stratford-upon-Avon was not so agreeable a resort as it has since become. One of the visitors present at the Jubilee in 1769 called it a dirty hole, but he was perhaps discontented with the weather or the dinner, and the aspect of the place had been considerably improved when, in 1824, the Shakespearean Club was formed at Stratford, and determined to hold a Triennial Celebration. Above fifty years had elapsed since the Great Jubilee, but it was taken as a general model for an equally imposing celebration on April 23rd, 1827 (St. George's day, and the accepted birthday of Shakespeare), and two following days. There was a very brilliant pageant or procession, including the characters of the tragedies and comedies. On reaching the house in Henley Street, Melpomene and Thalia descended from their cars and crowned with laurel a bust of Shakespeare that had been placed on a pedestal: afterward, one of the theatrical company engaged by Mr. Reynolds recited an address in blank verse, written by Mr. Serle, then of Covent Garden, and the foundation-stone of a new theatre was laid: the two following days being devoted to music and feasting at "Shakespeare's Hall" in the Town Hall, and a masquerade in a temporary amphitheatre erected in Rother Market.

Again, on April 23rd, 1830, an equally effective three days' Commemoration and a still more magnificent pageant was held, when an Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Alaric A. Watts, was recited, and there were dramatic performances in the new, but afterwards little-used theatre, in which the then rising tragedian, Mr. Charles Kean, sustained the principal characters. It was calculated that from 25,000 to 35,000 people had assembled at Stratford on this occasion, and though various obstacles, including com-

mercial depression and difficulty of organisation, prevented the Triennial Celebrations from being continued, and such commemorations as were held were only fitful and occasional, the Shakespearean Club of Stratford-upon-Avon, and its loyal members and supporters in London associated with Literature, Art, and the Drama, kept on their useful work. In 1853 or 1854 they had raised a sum by public contribution sufficient to purchase for

3,820l. the property in Henley Street, which had, in about 1814, been purchased for 140l. by an humble and obscure, but perhaps not altogether short-sighted inhabitant of the locality. It was sold by the famous George Robins, and bought by the "Nation" as represented by those who were to hold it in trust as national property, and therefore began to repair and restore it with a view to its preservation as we see it to-day. Of course the chief apartment is still the room in which the poet was born, and it is reached by a flight of ten stairs of solid oak. The whitewashed walls, the ceiling, the sixty small square panes of the window were all filled with the autographs of distinguished and undistinguished visitors five-and-twenty years ago, till many of the scribbled signatures were themselves undistinguishable, and there was not an inch of room left.

The names of Tennyson and Rogers are on the wall to the right of the entrance, and lower down those of Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Augustus Egg. Thackeray is on the ceiling, Walter Scott, scored with a diamond on the window, scribbled over by some obtrusive nobody. The names of the actors cluster about the fireplace, Edmund Kean, Charles Kean, Helen Faucit, Vestris, Buckstone, Mrs. Fitz-

william, Robert Elliston, Gustavus Brooke, Charles Mathews, and others, with that of Albert Smith among them. But at the time mentioned, about 1864, a book had been prepared to receive the names of visitors, and among the first inscribed there are Henry Ward Beecher (Brooklyn) and "ton Seyers" (pugilist). *O tempora! O mores!*

But at all events there was the house, and there it is to-day, with the pretty garden belonging to it also restored. The simple spring-flowers that Shakespeare loved bloom there and in the lanes and fields by which we wend our way to surrounding places, each of which is a memorial of the poet. His genius makes his personal history of such high account that it gives us a fresh vivid interest in Charlecote and the Lucy family, and in the great house of the Cloptons, whose ancestors built the old long bridge that spanned the Avon at Stratford, since when the "Strait Ford" itself ceased to be the only way to cross the stream between the low-lying meadows, whose fresh pastures so often lay under water in the flood-tide after the rains.

That William Shakespeare was one of the boys of the Free Grammar School there can surely be little doubt, for it was almost at the door of his father's house, and it is not in the least probable that he was sent elsewhere to receive instruction. It is recorded that not only the ancient room once the Old Guildhall, but the Chapel of the Guild was at that time used as a school-house; and on its walls were a series of primitive paintings representing scenes from an historical legend.

It was here, perhaps, that Shakespeare acquired his "little Latin and less Greek," here that he learned to read and to feed his imagination upon these old-world stories, which he afterwards transformed into the wondrous plays so full of life

and vigour. But the education of his boyhood and youth must have been in the fields and in that healthful communion with Nature which enabled him without apparent effort and without description, but by current reference and apt illustration, to give to his dramas the freshness and freedom of the woods and fields. Shakespeare's touches of scenery, of woodcraft, of outdoor sports and pastimes, of sylvan shades and simple shepherd life, or of the robust manly recreations and the homely merrymakings of the time are not those of the student, but of the youth who has lived amidst them, and taken an active and a keenly-observant part in them all.

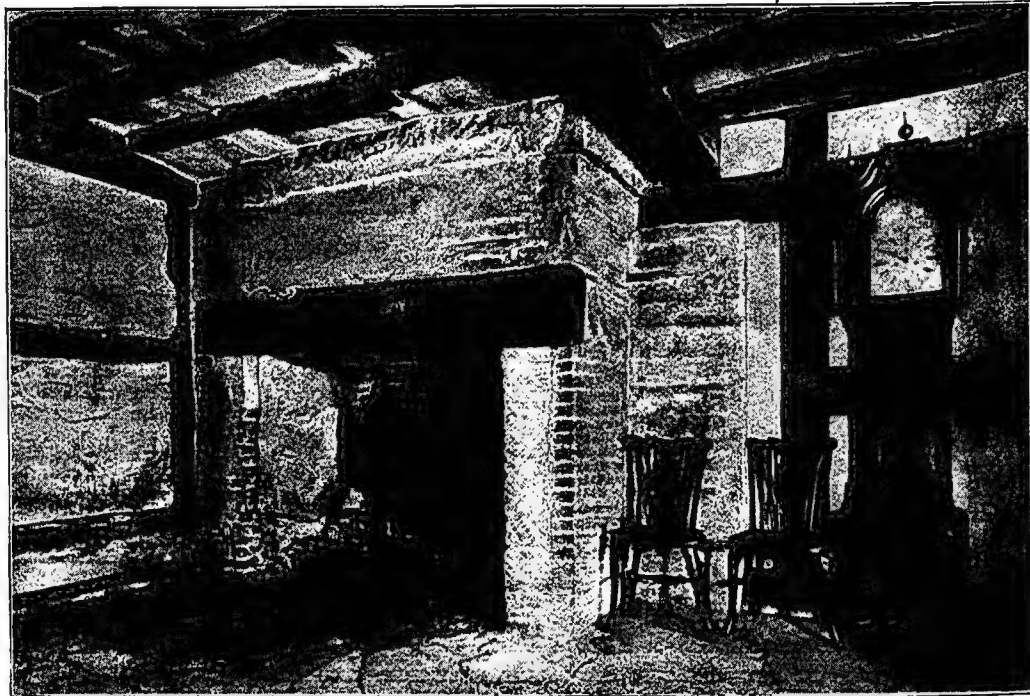
Stratford-upon-Avon may be said to be the central point of four main-roads; one of them leading across the old bridge to the famous Elizabethan mansion and beautiful sequestered Park of Charlecote, and to the quaint village of Hampton Lucy. The woodland scenery about Charlecote is still very charming, the old mansion standing in the neighbourhood of the ancestral oaks and



HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN  
As it was before the Restoration

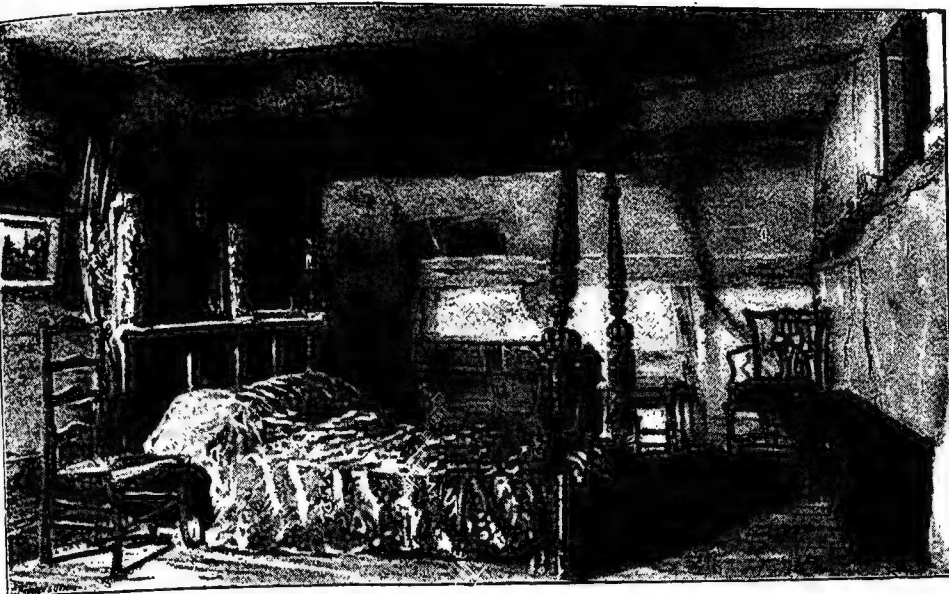


GARDEN FRONT OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN



KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN





BEDROOM IN ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON  
With Bedstead of the time of Shakespeare

beeches of the fine park, where the deer roam, "a careless herd full of the pasture;" the river flowing just beneath the rising ground, whence the fine old building is mirrored in the silver stream, the river that is still the haunt of swans and cygnets; as the woods are of "russet-painted choughs, many in sort." There are still nooks and peaceful retreats hereabout, on the high-wooded banks of Avon, or in the little dells and glades, where one might wile away a whole summer's day with the *Merry Wives of Windsor* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in one's pocket; though the former play (written to please Queen Elizabeth, who wanted to see Sir John Falstaff in love) shows the close and true observation of the author, when he had roamed in Windsor Park, instead of his well-known and beloved Charlecote.

But the mention of Charlecote and the Lucys, especially in connection with the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, may remind us that the story of Shakespeare leaving home, obliged to fly the country to escape prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing, has been long exploded. Young Will Shakespeare, whose father was a Burgess of Stratford, was doubtless well known to the family at the hall, and it is possible that he may at some time have got into some boyish scrape, for which the good, but rather puritanical, old knight may have punished him. We can almost fancy the loving, kind, and hospitable mistress of Charlecote interceding for the lad, who was as well known there as at the hospitable house of the Cloptons, who were the close friends of the poet in after days; but there is no foundation, except vague rumour, for the deer-stealing story, and that rumour, like the scurrilous verses attributed to Shakespeare and said to have been fastened to the park-gate to insult Sir Thomas Lucy, can be shown to belong to a much later date, and the verses to be self-contradicting if they are represented to be written at any one period.

Probably the punning quip suggested in the first scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Evans Slender speaks of the "dozen luses" in an old coat of arms and changes the pronunciation of the word, may have been a mischievous reference to an old joke, but it is turned off with a quaint conceit when Shallow says the luse is a fresh fish and the salt (*sallant*) fish is an old coat. The reference is doubtless to the Lucy arms, which was not twelve but three luses or pike.

The road to Henley, in Arden, runs through the street in which Shakespeare was born, and across a valley to the woody district of Arden, not far from Wilmcote. The road to Warwick, overhung by the wooded hills of Welcombe, passes, at a little distance, John Shakespeare's meadow at Ingon. It is a wide and varied pastoral landscape, relieved by hills and dells, and in that district lies Snitterfield, an old-world village indeed. The parish of Stratford itself lies in a valley which includes eleven villages and hamlets, among them being Bishopston, Little Wilmcote, Drayton, and Shottery. In the latter, in what would have been regarded as a substantial and comfortable yeoman's cottage in those days, lived the Hathaways, belonging to a very old family of the district, and there, it has always been believed, lived the Anne Hathaway whose beauty seems to have been acknowledged, and with whom the youthful William Shakespeare fell passionately in love, though perhaps we may say, of such boyish love, that his ardour was stimulated by the fact that she was seven years older than himself. The picturesque old building known as Anne Hathaway's cottage in the village of Shottery is only a little more than a mile from Stratford, and the Shakesperian Club was instrumental in acquiring it as a national possession.

It is an antiquated building in a secluded nook, with surroundings suggestive of peaceful hours and moonlight meetings in the rustic garden. The thick thatch, the little dormer windows, the moss-grown well, all seem to be a part of Shakespeare's story, and so do the low door, the cosy wainscotted kitchen, which was probably "the parlour and all" with its stone floor, its low-beamed traversed ceiling and wide fireplace on the left of which is the old bacon cupboard, with its grated door for smoke-drying the mellow fitch, and with the initials J. H. and T. H. carved upon it, showing it was in the possession of the Hathaways, members of the family continuing to reside there till a comparatively recent date. Ascending the narrow stairs, the visitor is shown a bedroom containing one of those remarkable old carved four-post bedsteads, which were in fashion in Shakespeare's day, and those perhaps is something like that "second best bed" which he specially bequeathed to his wife Anne in his will. By the way, this solemn mention of his wife in the will has frequently been the subject of surmise and discussion, and it has been suggested as an indication that Shakespeare had not lived happily with her, and left her nothing else. This point, however, was carefully examined by the late Mr. Charles Knight, who pointed out that the widow would by law receive her portion of the property, that this was well understood, and that there was no occasion to specify anything except for some particular reason. He argued that the special bequest mentioned in an "item" in the same way as that of his silver bowl to his daughter Judith, spoke of affection and not of slight. There certainly is no evidence of want of affection in any of the circumstances of Shakespeare's domestic life which have been made known by indirect testimony. It has been suggested that some passages in his plays point to regrets, and to the discovery that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman older than himself; but this is a mere assumption, and we know not only that he bravely set himself to make a provision for her and his children by coming to London and steadily pursuing the calling for which his genius had fitted him, but that he centred his interest and affection on the home at Stratford-on-Avon. We know, too, that his wife, who survived him for some years, was beloved by the daughter, with whom she doubtless continued to live in the "fair house" (New Place) which the prosperous dramatist had bought that he might dwell in comfort with her and their family.

There can be little doubt that the youth Shakespeare was an ardent wooer. He and the handsome young woman, Anne Hathaway, were troth-plighted, and it must be remembered that in those days the troth-plight, or hand-fasting, was socially regarded as marriage, preliminary to the ceremony in the church. It was doubtless considered prudent by both families that there should be little delay in binding it by the religious ceremony and sanction. Between Richard Hathaway, Anne's father, and John Shakespeare there was, it appears, a pretty close friendship, for there is documentary evidence that in 1579 Shakespeare became bondsman for Hathaway in an action at law.

A licence from the Consistorial Court at Worcester for the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway after once asking of the banns was issued, the bondsman who guaranteed that the youthful bridegroom, though under age, would fulfil the conditions of the licence were Fulk Sandells and John Rychardson of Warwick, farmers, and friends of William Shakespeare, each of whom was bound in a penalty of fifty pounds. The licence is dated November 28th, in the twenty-fifth year of Elizabeth (1582), and the wedding ceremony took place in Trinity Church.

It is impossible to determine what occupation was followed by William Shakespeare at this time and for three years afterwards, and endeavours to show that he was employed as a schoolmaster, as assistant to an attorney, as a gardener, and so on, because of the knowledge he displayed in passages of his dramas, are neither striking nor convincing. It is far more probable that, after leaving the Grammar School, he had assisted his father as a general farmer or cultivator, for he certainly understood something of that business, as was proved years afterwards, when he had himself acquired landed estate in various places about Stratford, and had returned from the war of wits, the turmoil, and the heart-burnings of London, to settle down into the peaceful life of an English gentleman-yeoman; though he did not altogether abandon the pen,

and doubtless still took profits from his acted dramas. But Shakespeare, at nineteen, probably assisted his father, and he with his wife and children may have continued to live in the old house, or at Ingon. Of that we have no knowledge, but it is certain that he must soon have begun to consider what he could best do to maintain the family which, young as he was, would soon be growing up around him.

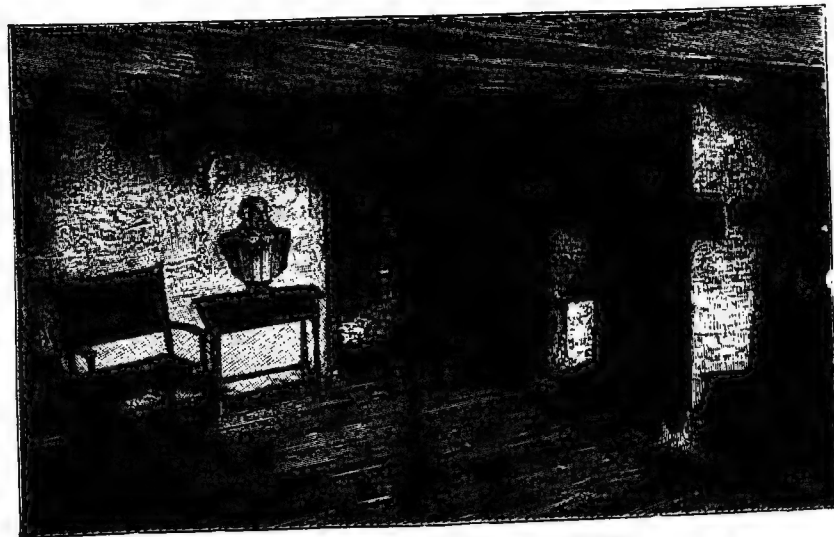
It is not impossible that for part of this time at all events he had a deliberate intention of trying the stage, and of writing dramas, and that his parents were able and not altogether unwilling to contribute to the support of his family, while he prepared by thought and study for a career which enabled him to repay, and more than repay, these obligations to his father, who lived till 1601, and his mother, who lived till 1608, within eight years of his own death.

In May, 1583, a daughter was born to William and Anne Shakespeare, and was baptised in Trinity Church by the name of Susannah. On February 2nd, 1585, there is another entry in the parish register of the baptism of the twin-children, "Hamnet and Judith, sonne and daughter to William Shakespeare." While wanting above two months to the completion of his majority, he was the father of three children. In the following year he set out for London, and, as we have seen, began to attain to some position as soon as there was opportunity for his genius to be manifested. That he became a shareholder in two theatres we have already seen, and it is pretty certain that soon after, if not before, 1591, his poetic and dramatic ability began to excite attention. It would appear from indirect evidence that he made frequent visits of some duration to his real home and his family at Stratford.

In 1591, according to documentary evidence, he lived in Southwark, near the Bear Garden, and from the Poors' Book of the Liberty of the Clink in Southwark it is evident that he dwelt in a good house, for it was assessed at the very highest rate for the relief of the poor, and it has been surmised that he had his family with him in London at that time. This, however, is scarcely probable, as in the autumn of that year his little son Hamnet died, and was buried in his native place. This was, doubtless, a great grief, though Shakespeare was then in the high road of prosperity.

His plays and sonnets were known and eulogised, his association with the theatres, the Globe and Blackfriars, and the "Curtain," where his plays were doubtless performed, being that of an actor as well as of a great dramatist, and probably in both capacities, but chiefly as author, he was known and appreciated by the Queen and in the Court, where he ranked some of the nobles among his friends. In 1598 the name of William Shakespeare appeared on the rate-book of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and he may possibly have resided there, for there was, and still is, Crosby Hall, which was one of the localities appearing in the play of *Richard III.*

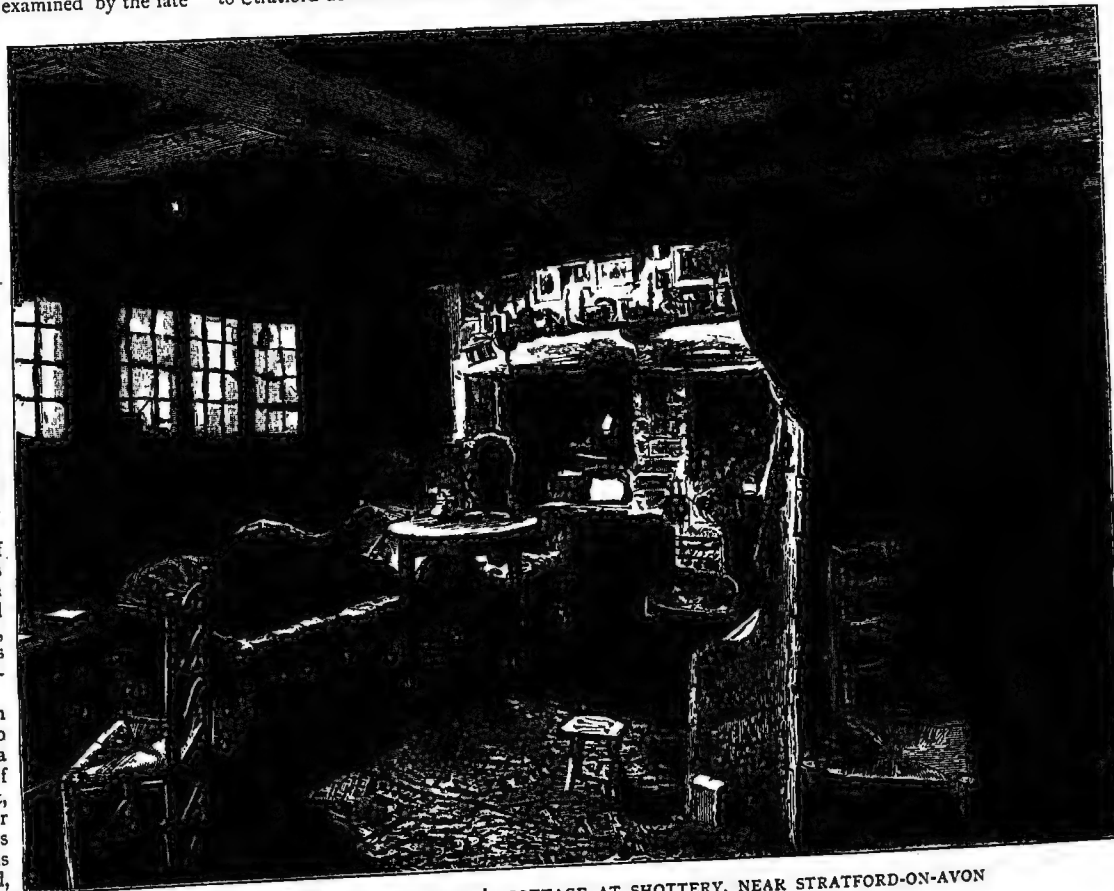
At that time Shakespeare was one of the cast in Ben Jonson's comedy *Every Man in His Humour*, but he was then probably paying longer visits to Stratford, for he had again made it his home by purchasing a large and important house there, and his visits were sure to be from Stratford to London, rather than from London to Stratford. The house which Shakespeare purchased had originally belonged to the Clopton family, and was called "New Place," or the Great House, and had come into the hands of a Mr. Underhill. It was the best house in the line of the main street of Stratford, with two gardens and two barns behind, in the direction of the Avon, New Place being in Chapel Street, at the corner of Chapel Lane leading towards the river. At the opposite corner stands the Guild Chapel of the Holy Cross, founded also in the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir Hugh Clopton, and on the other side of the chapel is the Grammar School. New Place was bequeathed by Shakespeare to his daughter Susannah, wife of Dr. Hall. She died



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

in 1649, surviving her husband for ten years, and in all probability occupied the house when Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. went to Stratford with an army in 1643, and was entertained at New Place for three weeks.

Mrs. Hall's daughter, Elizabeth, married first to Mr. Thomas Nash, and secondly to Sir Thomas Barnard, dying without issue, the house in New Place was afterwards repurchased by the Cloptons, and another Sir Hugh Clopton resided there in the middle of the eighteenth century, having so repaired, and in fact almost rebuilt the house, that it could scarcely be called Shakespeare's dwelling. After the death of Sir Hugh, in 1751, it was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell in 1753, and totally destroyed by him in 1757. This Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, seems to have been a surly, ill-conditioned individual, who knew little, and perhaps cared less, about Shakespeare, and when visitors to Stratford desired to see the house and garden, and to sit under the mulberry-tree that had been planted



LIVING-ROOM IN ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON



by the poet, he resented it, and instead of having some pride in the place began by cutting down the mulberry tree, which was bought by a watchmaker at Stratford, who solemnly affirmed that he reserved it for the fashioning of various articles as Shakespearian relics. Mr. Gastrell, who lived for a part of each year at Lichfield, may have had a kind of animosity against the sentimental troublesome Shakespearians, and the knowledge that the servants left in care of New Place were likely to make perquisites of visitors' fees may have influenced him when he remonstrated that the house in Stratford was assessed too highly for a residence only occasionally occupied by its owner. As he could obtain no reduction, he said that the house should never be assessed again, and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town altogether—very much to his own security, for probably if he had been seen there afterwards he would have been subjected to some rather rough treatment. Singularly enough, though there are the various deeds and records of the sale and purchase of New Place, no picture or trustworthy representation of the house as it existed in Shakespeare's time, or later, has been discovered, even in the shape of a plan or sketch.

When Shakespeare bought New Place and the land connected with it, he also began to acquire other property in Stratford, for he was then in the tide of fame and fortune. One of the most complete testimonies to the position which he occupied among his contemporaries is that of Francis Meres, Master of Arts, of Cambridge, who, in 1598, published a book called "Palladio Tamia"—"Wits' Treasury"—a collection of moral sentences from ancient writers, described by Anthony Wood as a noted schoolbook. Prefixed to it is a "Comparative Discourse" of our English poets, which says, "As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes, and the Latin tongue by Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudianus, so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and splendid habiliments by Sir Philip Sydney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Varney, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman. As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lies in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his sugared sonnets among his private friends, &c."

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour Lost*, his *Love's Labour Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*. As Scipio Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they could speak Latin, so I say the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase if they could speak English."

The dates before which some of the plays were certainly produced have been already mentioned, beginning with the historical plays of *Henry VI.*, in 1592 and 1594, of *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*, printed in 1597, of *Romeo and Juliet* (the story of which seems to have been taken either from a novel by Banello, or from the history of Verona by Girolamo de la Corte) 1597, *Love's Labour Lost*, 1598, *Henry IV.*, 1598, and *All's Well that Ends Well* (believed to be the *Love's Labour Won* mentioned by Meres) and the other plays also mentioned by Meres in 1598. *Henry IV.*, Part II., was printed in 1600, and so were *Henry V.* and *Titus Andronicus*. As *You Like It* was entered at Stationers' Hall in the same year. *Twelfth Night* was acted in the Hall of the Middle Temple in 1602; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was printed and *Othello* was acted at Harefield in that year, *Hamlet* was printed in 1603, *Measure for Measure* was acted at Whitehall in 1604, and *King Lear* in 1607, *Taming of the Shrew*, which it is believed was acted by Henslow's Company in 1593, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1607, *Troilus and Cressida*, having been previously acted at Court, was printed in 1609, *Pericles*, which has been regarded as one of the doubtful plays, in the same year. The *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale* were both acted at Whitehall in 1611. The dates of *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, are not to be so exactly fixed, but they undoubtedly belong to the later period of Shakespeare's work, after he took up his residence at Stratford, though he still visited London, and, in 1612-1613, purchased a house with appurtenances near the Blackfriars Theatre, the indenture of the conveyance describing him as William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON

In 1613 he seems to have terminated his connection with the theatres, so far as any personal attendance was concerned, and in that year the Globe at Bankside was burned down during the performance of his new play *Henry VIII.* We have already observed that there was a great difference between the comparatively rude accessories of the Globe and the greater refinements of the Blackfriars, or Winter Theatre, where plays were performed by candlelight, and where subsequently, as at the "Curtain," there was drapery, or a "drop-scene," to screen the stage from the audience during the preparation of something like appropriate, though still very simple, scenery and furniture.

Shakespeare himself has indicated the appearance of the circular interior of the Globe in the preliminary chorus to *Henry V.* :—

Pardon, gentles all,  
The flat, unraised spirit, that hath dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

In 1613, however, some attempt seems to have been made by "the King's Players" to produce the play of *Henry VIII.* with more pomp and circumstance than usual, even to the matting of the stage, and as Sir Henry Wotton describes the catastrophe, "King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood, and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that perhaps had broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

Shakespeare had at that date been long engaged in his happy peaceful life at New Place, and had acquired considerable property, so that he could live in the style of a plain country gentleman among his old friends and his relatives, his daughter Susannah being well married to Dr. Hall, a medical practitioner of much ability and learning.

His daughter Judith was still at home, but married in February, 1616, only a few weeks before her father's death, Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine merchant, of Stratford, who, it is to be remarked, was four years younger than herself.

In 1603, at the death of Elizabeth, Shakespeare may be said to have been at the zenith of his fame, though some of the finest of his dramas were produced afterwards, and he was the greatest of living English writers at the accession of James I., and he soon afterwards prepared for his complete retirement to Stratford.

In 1605 he bought the moiety of a lease, with thirty-one years to run, of the great and small tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe; for this he gave 440*l.*, and the tithes would produce him 60*l.* a year, equal to about 350*l.* in present value. But he had already bought

lands in Old Stratford from the Combe family, and possessed others in Welcombe and Bishopston, which it seems probable he inherited from his father, John Shakespeare.

In July, 1614, a calamitous fire broke out in Stratford, and in about two hours fifty-four dwelling-houses were burnt, a pretty plain proof that the ordinary buildings were not very substantial, though they were called fair houses, and with the destruction of barns, stables, corn, hay, straw, and wood, &c., the damage was estimated at about eight thousand pounds. None of Shakespeare's property appears to have suffered, and a few months afterwards

we find him engaged with others in opposing an attempt to enclose some of the common lands near Welcombe. Shakespeare was concerned in the course taken by the Corporation of Stratford, who sent his kinsmen, their Clerk, Thomas Greene, to London with a petition to the Privy Council, the prayer of which was granted five years afterwards, and the enclosure which had been made was then again thrown open.

It was then that Shakespeare's last visit to London, in November, 1614, is believed to have been made. This, with documents relating to sundry disputes, sales, and lawsuits, in which he was interested, is among the most recent of the records of the great poet, until the making of his will, and at that time his property in London and Stratford must altogether have produced an income exceeding the value of 1,000*l.* a year in our day.

The date of the execution of the will is the 25th of March, 1616, and he then had but one grandchild (called niece in the will after the fashion of the time), Elizabeth, the daughter of John and Susannah Hall, baptised in February, 1607-8, a few months before the death of Shakespeare's mother.

On the 23rd of April, 1616, on the anniversary of his alleged birthday, and within one month of signing the will, in which he describes himself to be in perfect health and memory, he departed this life, and all that was mortal of him was laid in that tomb in the church, which thenceforward became a shrine.

The church at Stratford-upon-Avon is itself a fine and imposing structure, with much of the appearance of a cathedral: its transept, nave, aisles, and chancel containing some very beautiful work. The bold architecture gives a fine appearance to the exterior building, with its tower and steeple as seen from the river on the bank of which it stands. There are many interesting monuments in the church, among the most conspicuous being a recumbent statue of John Combe, the friend of Shakespeare, and a chapel containing the monuments of the Clopton family.

The church has undergone some necessary changes in course of its restoration, but it has been acknowledged that they have been made in a reverent and responsible manner, the whole interior and the chancel having been carefully restored, and the carved timber roof renewed some five-and-twenty years ago. The nave is divided from the aisles by hexagonal pillars, supporting six Early English Pointed arches, and above these is the clerestory forming a continual range of windows, two above each arch. The windows of the aisles belong to the fourteenth century, the south aisles having been erected by John de Stratford. The north aisle is probably of earlier date. The chancel and choir are remarkable for their fine height and simplicity. Five exceedingly effective windows rise to the roof on either side—one of these, the American Memorial, already noticed, and above the altar is the east window, the pristine glories of which have to a great extent been restored. Against the north wall of the church is the monumental bust of Shakespeare, the work of Gerard Johnson, "the Hollander," and Shakespeare's contemporary, who also carved the monument of John Combe. It was erected previous to 1623, as the verses by Digges prefixed to the first edition of Shakespeare will show :—

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give  
The world thy works: thy works by which outlive  
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,  
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages.

The bust, which is life-size, was formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally, or at all events very early, painted in natural colour, the hair and beard auburn or warm chestnut, the eyes hazel. The doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose seamless black gown. The upper half of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt. So it remained for about one hundred and twenty years, when, in 1748, Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, devoted the profits of a performance of *Othello* to restore it in accordance with its original appearance. But, in 1793, Malone, the famous Shakesperian commentator, took it into his head to have the whole bust painted white, and pretty thickly too, so that much of the original character and expression was obliterated.

In 1835 the Committee of the Shakesperian Club appealed for public subscriptions for the restoration of the church, its roof, and windows, the whole of which were much dilapidated and disfigured, and for the careful restoration and preservation of the memorial and tomb of Shakespeare and the inscriptions and memorials of his family. It was proposed to limit the donations to 1*l.* each, and though the work was gradually accomplished, and was accelerated by other aid, several years necessarily elapsed before its completion, which had, however, been pretty well effected before the Tercentenary Celebration of 1864, when it was sought to revive at Stratford the glories of the Garrick Jubilee, and by arousing a genuine interest throughout the country to accomplish a special and lasting memorial. The famous bust in Stratford Church, however, is still, and is likely to remain, the most familiar and authentic memorial of the Great Poet, except his own glorious and immortal works, and this is the conclusion to which every visitor to Stratford-upon-Avon is likely to come. The well-known flat slab of freestone bearing the doggerel lines—

Good frende for Jesus sake forbear  
To digge the dust enclosed heare;  
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,  
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

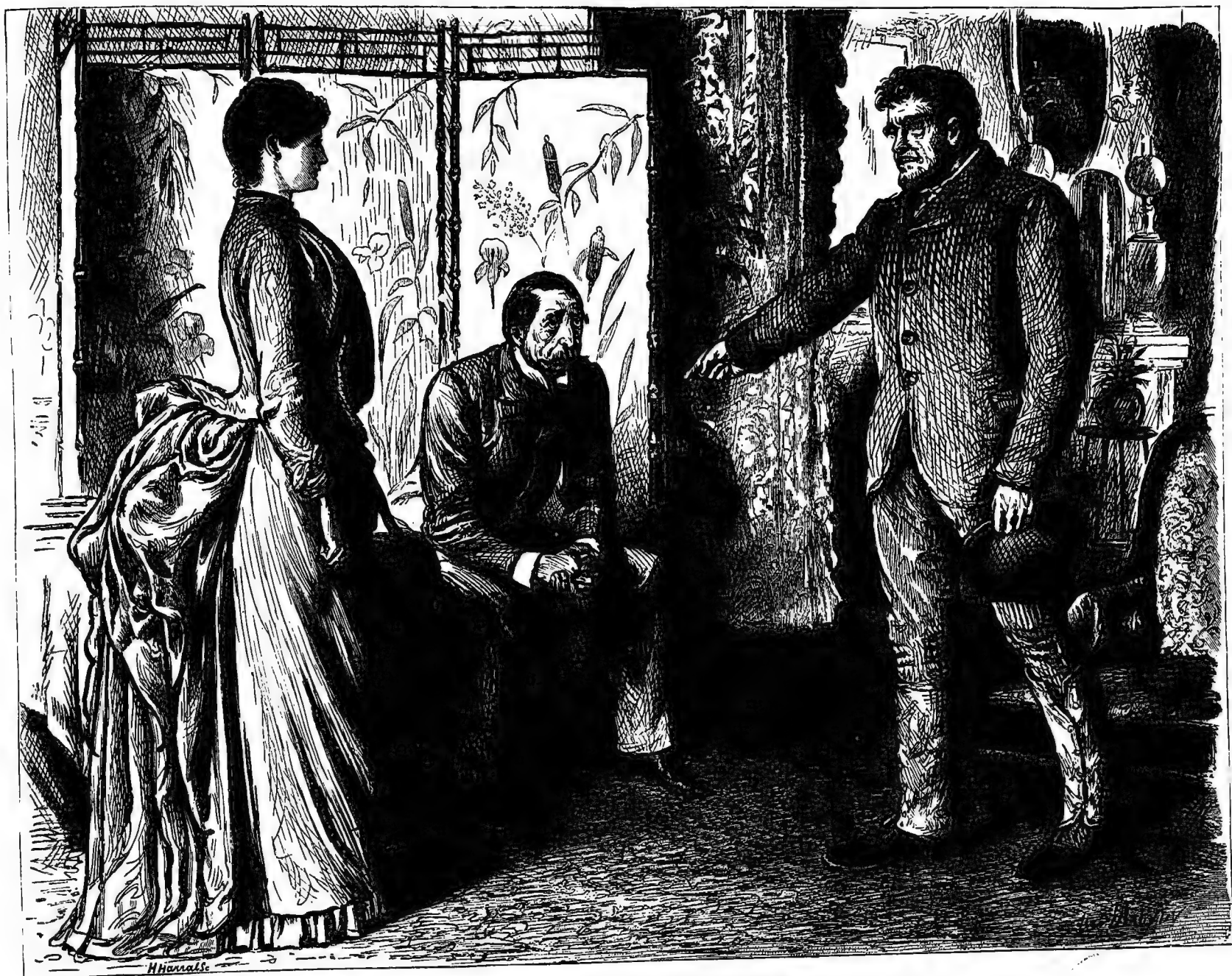
is below the monument at a few paces from the wall. There is almost unquestionable authority for the belief that this stone was there not long after the burial of Shakespeare, but there is no evidence whatever that he wrote the verse, the quality of which is

(Continued on page 486)



THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE AND MEMORIAL, AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON





DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"What is it I want here?" snarled the poacher, pointing to Sir Richard. "Ask him."

# THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### AN ANXIOUS MORNING

It had been arranged that Mrs. Grange and Jenny were to start early in the morning—early, that is, even as time was reckoned at Mirbridge—so as to excite as little notice as possible. Farmer Wurzel had been asked by the housekeeper to lend his taxed cart for their conveyance, to which he had acceded with characteristic good-nature. She was of a modest and unassuming disposition, and it did not strike her as strange that her mistress, who had so many horses and vehicles at her disposal, should not have offered to send her, while to Lady Trevor it was most important that she should seem to have no hand in the matter of the two women's departure. If she could only feel that they were safely away, she felt that she should breathe more freely—one kink in the faulty cable of her life would then at least have passed over the chain. Fortunately she could not foresee how lengthy, and how full of kinks, it was fated to be. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, but sufficient, alas, for the unhappy wrongdoer in a double sense. One turn of the rack at a time was all that she could bear. All that night sleep came not near her, but her very thoughts were nightmares. At daybreak she rose and dressed, and through the misty autumn morning repaired to a spot by which the cart must needs pass by. Hidden in a little wood, drenched in dew, she awaited its coming. It was not her intention to speak with its inmates, for the presence of the driver forbade it, but only to assure herself of their departure. She was much too soon, but every minute she pictured to herself some disaster to account for their delay. Her ears were on the stretch for the sound of wheels, but they heard nothing but the "drip, drip" of the boughs, and "through the fading leaves the chestnuts pattering to the ground."

It was a wet and mournful morning, and so far Nature was in unison with her thoughts; but otherwise all things seemed strange and unsympathetic indeed. If an open grave had been in the wood (as she reflected), and she had laid down in it to die, it would have altered nothing, unless, indeed, it would have brought peace to herself. A question to which she offered no reply, save by a shudder. We speak of annihilation as abhorrent, but there are more terrible things which the thoughts of death evoke in certain minds. Pitiable indeed is their condition to whom the end of a miserable life presents itself only as the beginning of another that has no end. To this unhappy woman there was but one alternative—the same that was offered to the Russian peasant pursued by wolves, of which she had read in story—by the sacrifice of her eldest born she might save, not indeed her life, but her soul. This seemed, however, too much for Heaven to ask of her; and since on her part she dared

ask nothing of Heaven, she resolutely closed the door of reflection, and murmured to herself, instead of a prayer, "I will go through with it."

At last, without sound of wheels, as she expected, but with the squeak of an axle and the crack of a whip, the cart appeared. The two women were in it, the driver by their side at the end of the seat, with a huge box behind them—containing, doubtless, all one of them had in the world. Yet what would that unseen spectator, who watched them through the leafy screen, have given to exchange places with her of whom Youth and Hope were the companions, and honest Love in waiting for her at the end of her rough journey! Jenny's face, however, she noticed, was far from joyous, and as they jogged slowly by, in silence, it was more than once turned behind her with anxious and desponding looks. Home is home be it ever so homely, and she was sad no doubt at leaving it for the first time, and perhaps for ever. It had not been so with Letty Beeton in her day. She had exchanged the cottage for the Court with pleasure, and, though she well knew Remorse (a companion, indeed, who never left her), could hardly be said to have experienced Regret. Even now, as she reviewed that early portion of her life, she doubted, if it could be lived again, whether she should live it otherwise. Her case had not been the common one of a girl in lowly station dazzled by the position of some high-born lover, and fascinated by him like the moth by the flame; if she had been blinded, it had been by a genuine affection, however misplaced. It had been, of course, her duty to have gone to her dear mistress and patron, and defended against her son only, but against herself. This (so she reasoned in her wretchedness) could have had but one result: she would have been separated from her Richard for ever, and sent back to her hateful home. Such self-sacrifice was surely too much to expect of her. If all the rest had followed from her weakness in that particular, her fate was hard indeed; she might fairly say that she had been tempted beyond her powers of resistance. But she could not conceal from herself that it had not so followed.

There comes a time to many of us when we find ourselves, as it were, on a landing midway on a flight of stairs. The upper flight is steep and difficult, but leads, we know, to the fresh air and the vault of heaven; the lower is broader and very easy, and leads, we fear, in the opposite direction. We would fain stop where we are; but it is as imperative upon us to move as though the staircase were not stationary, but one of those endless lifts into which we must step on its way either up or down. We flatter ourselves perhaps that it is actually so, and that we have no control over our own progress; but in our heart of hearts we know that it is not so. Every step, whether upward or downward, is made by our own

action. We take but one step down, and then a curious thing happens. That step at once grows steep and narrow, and is added to the flight above, and we feel at once that we are not only farther off from Heaven, but have rendered the way upward more difficult. We descend another, and another, and then, suddenly, ten steps at a time. The shock we experience is considerable, and we find ourselves on another landing. The upper flight has now become a mere attic stair, with only a faint light at its summit, from which comes a little fresh air. The same alternative is presented to us as before, but under much less favourable conditions. Again we descend a little way, and again are suddenly precipitated down ten steps, or, it may be, twenty; but this time it produces hardly any shock at all. "Facilis descensus Averni."

Lady Trevor had chosen the downward flight—or, as she preferred to think, had been led to it by the iron hand of Fate; and twice had fallen, the latter fall—her concealment of her son Hugh's illegitimacy—being, as it were, precipitous: it had left her almost in utter darkness. From purity to shame is a sad step; but from shame to crime is a descent still more terrible. There are crimes which, as regards their consequences, at least, one can commit, as it were, and have done with; but this one was not of that kind. It demanded constant duplicity. She had endeavoured to persuade her husband that it was not a crime, but had not succeeded. This was not to be wondered at, for she had not persuaded herself of it. She had a tender heart, and a conscience that was by no means callous. Inaction such as she had endured that morning was hateful to her, because it begot reflection. Her mind was for the moment relieved by the assurance of Jenny's departure; but, at the same time, she had suffered terribly. Physically, too, she was in a sad case. Her sleepless night and the unwonted exercise at such an early hour had weakened her. It is not every one who derives vigour from meeting the sun upon the upland lawn, and brushing the dew away is not an occupation suitable for those who wear petticoats. She was sick with fatigue and want of food, and her clothes were wet and draggled. It was necessary that she should get home, if possible, unseen, before the household was stirring; but she felt very unequal to walking fast. She gazed with envious eyes at the curtained windows of the cottagers, behind which most of them were still sleeping, if not the sleep of the just, at least of the crimeless. Her way at one point, though at some distance, commanded a view of the Rectory. How silent and peaceful it looked! How innocent, by comparison with herself, were its inmates! Clara Thorne, indeed, might have her designs; but they involved no wrong to others. And Lucy—what a gulf lay between that artless girl and her wretched self!

The rain was now over and gone, and the newly-risen sun made



the wet leaves sparkle, and tinged the very lane with brightness: but, though it warmed her shivering frame, it seemed to increase the danger of discovery. In the presence of the glory of the morning she felt like a thief on whom the bull's-eye of the policeman is turned. Even though she met no one in the village street, it was possible that she might have been observed unknown to herself: again and again she blamed her own anxious folly in running so great a risk: but there was nothing for it now but to hurry on. The tenants of the Lodge were not yet stirring, as she passed through the great gates. Her last fear lay in meeting the gardener, whom she knew was an early riser. He was the worst person whom she could meet (except Cadman), because he had known her in the old days, and might have his suspicions. From the terrace, however, she could survey the whole garden, and he was not in sight. In another moment she would be safe inside the house; just as she reached the glass door, however, from which she herself had removed the shutter for egress, it opened, and out stepped Mr. Gurdon with his easel and brushes. He uttered an involuntary ejaculation of astonishment before he removed his hat; it struck her by the expression of his face that for the moment he had not recognised her. She felt with a shudder that this was not to be wondered at. A lady, it is said, always looks like a lady; but it is at all events possible that she may look like some other lady. A dry lady may be identified with a wet lady, but a lady with sodden clothes and dragged skirts, and with the look of a hunted hare, is not so easy to identify with one we have only seen attired in the height of fashion, and with all the self-possession of a graceful hostess. Such a painful embarrassment displayed itself on the young man's features that Lady Trevor pitied him, notwithstanding her despair upon her own account. He had a ready wit, but for once it failed him: he could not say, "I do not wonder that this beautiful morning should have tempted you out, as it has tempted me." She had not the excuse of his profession even if it had been fine, and she had been obviously in the wet for hours.

"I have had a bad night, with an excruciating headache," she said, with a faint smile, "and I thought that a walk, even in the rain, might do me good."

"It is the best thing in the world for it," he said effusively, "if one only escapes catching cold. There is no one astir in the house, I fear—but can I get you anything?"

She knew when he said "I fear," that he meant "you need not fear; it is I alone who have seen you," as well as though he had used the words. There was a tender pity in his tone that went to her very heart.

"I thank you; nothing," she murmured; "I shall do very well, but it was very foolish of me, and I fear if my husband knew I had been so imprudent it would make him very anxious."

"Then if I were you I should not tell him, nor any one else," he answered, smiling; "when one lives in the country, one cannot help being caught in a shower; it is so very ill-provided with cabs."

"Then you will keep this shocking secret for me," she said, pointing to her dripping garments, and forcing a smile.

"You may be sure of it, Lady Trevor, as though I had not seen you," he answered earnestly. "If it were a matter of any consequence, being, I hope, a gentleman, such a breach of confidence would be impossible to me."

There was something in his simple kindly face and tender tone—the first touch of sympathy (though for sorrows that were unknown to him) she had ever experienced—that checked her thanks: if she had spoken she would, she felt, have utterly broken down; as though he had read as much in her face, he moved away, closing the door behind him, but without turning his head, and she sank into a chair and burst into tears.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### AN UNTIMELY CALLER

AMONG the many perplexing problems of life, the way in which the most important events depend often upon the slightest incidents is one of the most inexplicable. It would almost seem that foresight, prudence, and assiduity are, after all, little worth, since the slightest accident may render them useless. The turning to the left, instead of the right, in our daily walk may cause our death, and the delay of a minute on our road to a railway station prove our ruin. The Mussulman says "kismet," and is satisfied, but for most of us it is only left to hope for the best, while we expect the worst.

When Lady Trevor found herself on her way upstairs to her own room, wet to the skin, worn out with fatigue, and shaken in mind and body, there seemed to be only one course open to her—to go to bed, and to leave an announcement outside her door that she did not wish to be disturbed. It would have been nothing very unusual, for she was subject to headaches which sometimes deprived her of sleep until the morning. Now that she had seen Jenny away, there was nothing to cause her special anxiety, or to keep her, as it were, on duty below stairs; she was a sentry indeed who was never relieved, but danger had for the present disappeared, and she was free to rest.

As she passed the bath-room door, however, it struck her that her favourite remedy for fatigue—the douche—would restore her tone. She hesitated—not of course from any idea that her choice could be of any moment, but simply because the three steps up to the room were so much added to the road her weary limbs must traverse—and eventually decided in favour of cold water.

It revived her, as it always did, and wrapping her dressing-gown about her she was about to seek her own apartment when something induced her to turn aside the blind and look out.

The window commanded the courtyard and the causeway, and upon the latter she beheld John Beeton coming with hasty steps towards the house.

The glow which had suffused the whole of her frame was at once exchanged for a cold shiver. What could John Beeton want at the Court at such an hour as this? and whom had he come to see? That it was something connected with Jenny—and with Hugh—was only too probable.

She had never met him face to face, save on that day of her arrival, on Bridge Hill; it was the one ordeal which she had shrunk from with nervous terror. Sir Richard had seen him more than once: and by a certain cool civility had always kept him at a distance. He knew the man's character well, despised him, and was not afraid of him: she knew him too, and even better, but she feared him. John Beeton, it must be remembered—though she felt no touch of kin for him—was her own brother.

In her own home, on the previous day, she had had no little difficulty in maintaining her rôle of stranger; she had felt its influences affect her very strongly, and it had perhaps been fortunate for her that Jenny's mind was too much pre-occupied with her own affairs to use that faculty of observation which, where another woman is concerned, is common to all her sex.

Had her brother made his appearance at Spinney Cottage, she was convinced that the association of circumstances would have led him only too surely to the explanation of the confusion she could not have concealed; and even under her own roof, there was something of that same danger; it was at the Court—though long ago—that he had seen her last, and on that very occasion had dropped some warm words of warning with respect to its young master, which she had resented all the more bitterly because it had come too late. What if some vague likeness in speech or form to her former self should cause the recollection to occur to him! When he had seen her in her travelling-dress and speaking French, she fancied that his eye had regarded

her with an intentness—though it was probably only the keenness of curiosity—that had something of recognition in it.

No, it was impossible that she could face him. After all, he might have only come up to the house to speak with one of the servants. It could not be with the housekeeper, because he knew she was gone to town; but it might be with the butler, who, of course, was an old acquaintance.

From the extreme earliness of the hour, it was reasonable to suppose that he had called about some private, and perhaps, unlawful matter such as the sale of game; most earnestly did she hope that it might be so. But in any case there was nothing for it but to wait.

She went to her room, and dressed herself, not hurriedly, for her habits of caution had taught her to avoid all appearance of surprise and haste, but with swift completeness.

Then ensued another form of anxiety, more terrible even than that she had experienced in the dripping wood. The servants had now risen; doors were opened and shut; and all the sounds of awakening up in a great household fell on her eager ear. But whether John Beeton was still in the house or not, she could not tell. Perhaps he was waiting to have speech with her husband. This apprehension became insupportable, and she noiselessly crossed the corridor on the side of which lay Sir Richard's room. She listened at the door, but all was silent. He was a late sleeper, but a light one, and there was no little danger of awakening him; but her anxiety to be assured that he had not been disturbed impelled her to run the risk. She softly turned the door-handle, and entered the room—it was always kept dark to encourage sleep in the morning, but the light was now streaming through the windows, and the bed was empty—Sir Richard was up and gone.

It could have been no light matter that made the invalid leave his couch so early. But so untimely a visit from John Beeton might well have caused him to do so; that such was the case seemed the more probable since he had not informed her of his summons. If it had been any other person, connected with their common danger, he would, as usual, have come to her for advice and counsel, but he was well aware of her nervous apprehension of her brother, and was accustomed to deal with him.

John would have something to tell him to-day, however (she could no longer doubt it), that would move her husband exceedingly—provoking a mental excitement which the doctors had especially enjoined him to avoid.

The motive of her brother's visit she could not guess; he could hardly have been otherwise than pleased at the generosity which she had displayed towards his daughter, and yet he was not the man to put himself to inconvenience merely to express the emotion of gratitude; even if it were so (taking that as the most favourable view of affairs) this communication must necessarily reveal the part she had herself played in the matter, and her reason for playing it. Sir Richard would understand at once that it was Hugh's relations with the girl that had caused his mother's interference; and this would not only intensify the bitterness of the prejudice with which he regarded him, but probably cause an open rupture between them.

Whatever mischief John Beeton's visit might make by this time certainly was made, and could neither be averted nor mitigated by her interference; all that remained to her was to mediate, a thankless task to which she was only too well accustomed—and it was the cruellest part of her cruel lot—between father and son.

As she thus reviewed the probable position of affairs, she heard hasty footsteps in the passage that led to her elder son's apartment, and then a knock at his door. Her heart stood still at the thought that it might be her husband, himself, but the next moment, in answer to Hugh's gruff, "Who's there?" she recognised the voice of the footman.

"Please sir, Sir Richard wishes to see you at once in the library."

"What the deuce is the matter?" was the irritable response; then in graver tones, "Is any one with him?"

"Only Beeton, sir, from the Spinney Cottage."

The footman, doubtless, concluded the poacher's visit was in connection with the game, in which his young master Hugh, though no sportsman, took a certain feudal interest. He had said "only Beeton," from the genuine conviction that the matter in hand could be of no serious importance.

Hugh answered nothing, a circumstance which for his mother's ear had no little significance; it was seldom that he submitted in silence to anything that gave him inconvenience.

She waited till the servant had retired, and then knocked at her son's door.

"Well—what now?" The tone was one of subdued irritation; of anger, as she rightly concluded, controlled by fear.

"It is I, Hugh; I want to speak with you."

He appeared at once, already half-dressed; his face was pale; his eyes full of terrified anxiety.

"John Beeton is here, with your father."

"Yes, what is it all about?"

"You know better than I do," she answered, reproachfully.

His face flushed to the forehead with rage and shame.

"I know that he is a lying blackguard, who will do anything for money. He promised"—there he stayed his speech, though he went on muttering something to himself; probably imprecations.

"Never mind what he promised, Hugh. Promise me on your word of honour that you will never speak to Jenny Beeton again as long as you live."

He hesitated; not that he had any scruple to overcome; but because even in that hour of peril he was looking for his *quid pro quo*, as the spoilt child looks for his sweetmeats.

She understood him only too well.

"If you will pass your word to me, I will go down to your father, instead of you."

"That's something like a mother," he exclaimed, with an air of intense relief. "Of course I'll promise not to see the girl again; she may go to the Devil for all I care."

It was Lady Trevor's intention to have learnt from Hugh all he had to tell about his relations—since it seemed he had had such—with John Beeton, but at this juncture the servant again appeared, with the message that Mr. Hugh was to come at once, a summons he delivered with no little embarrassment.

It is possible, if Hugh Trevor had known the nature of the task his mother had imposed upon herself, that even he would have felt some compunction; as it was, he only experienced relief that no time had been allowed to her for further questioning. His position was that of a criminal accused of a grave offence, concerning which he feels disinclined to be communicative even to his solicitor, a man who could be relied on to make a better case for him than he could do for himself. He little guessed that his advocate was weighed down less by the suspicion of his misdoings than by the consciousness of her own.

Her courage, however, had risen with the occasion, and she had all her woman's wits about her. Even on the threshold of that terrible ordeal she had the presence of mind to step aside into her boudoir, and write a letter, in a hand that showed little signs of the emotions that shook her very soul within her, to Mr. Smug; this she carefully sealed and confided to the footman, with instructions that it was to be delivered immediately, and then with a firm step resumed her way to the library.

At the door she paused, and the gruesome reflection crossed her

mind—"Under what circumstances—altered as they will be for the worse—shall I next leave this room?" She dismissed it, however, with an effort, and entered with a quick step and haughty carriage.

During her momentary pause no sound had reached her from within; whatever quarrel had taken place, a truce had ensued between the unseen combatants, and their silence seemed somehow more significant of evil than high words could have been.

It was not from fear of the man she had so shrunk from meeting that Lady Trevor's gaze, after one hasty glance, fixed itself upon Sir Richard to the exclusion of his companion—her love was stronger than her fear, and she perceived at once that the excitement which her husband had undergone had had a serious effect upon him.

He was seated in his chair with his chin sunk in his hand; but what could be seen of his face was deadly pale, and his eyes, fixed on the floor, remained there, as though unconscious of her entrance. In a second or two, however, he raised them, and a look of unspeakable relief crossed his brow and every feature.

"Ah, Nannie, is it you?" he said, with a tender smile, like some patient in a hospital who, in expectation of the operator, looks up and sees in place of him some loved and welcome form. Then his face clouded over, and a sharp pain smote it like a lightning flash, and she knew that he was his unhappy self again.

"I sent for Hugh," he said, in a voice that sounded strangely to her, and filled her with vague alarm. "What delays him?"

A hoarse chuckle of contempt broke from the looker-on; she turned and faced him at once.

"Who is this man?" she said, with her foreign accent, and surveying him disdainfully from head to foot. It struck her even in that supreme moment that if she were only as much changed as he from what each had been in the old days her secret was safe.

He had been handsome in his youth, with a certain air of cheerful audacity (with which he had often faced "the Bench" in Petty Sessions), and when in good humour had possessed a smile which more than one young person of the other sex had found irresistible. Now he looked uncomely and sullen to the last degree, struggling too (like Sir Richard himself as it seemed to her, with a shudder) with some mental distraction, which she could not understand; he was, in fact, as often happens to those who have sacrificed on the previous night to Bacchus in a village pothouse, stale drunk.

"My name's John Beeton," he answered doggedly, "your husband knows me well enough, if you don't."

"And what is it you want here?"

The poacher looked towards the squire, as if for guidance; he beheld a face transfigured with terror, staring at Lady Trevor and himself; the situation, as she perceived, had only just become intelligible to her husband; his recognition of it, to any intelligent observer, would have been almost a revelation, and was, at best, a side light of a most dangerous kind.

"What is it I want here?" snarled the poacher, pointing to Sir Richard. "Ask him. The thing has happened before, as he can tell yer. It's not the first time as you Trevors have shamed us. I want my daughter, Jenny."

(To be continued)



No brighter or more entertaining book than "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage," Written by Themselves (2 vols.: Richard Bentley and Son), has been published in London for several seasons. Mr. Yates's "Reminiscences," and Mr. Frith's, have spoiled the public for all but the best work in this department of literature, but this book of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft is well worthy of a place with those masterpieces of modern gossip. The actor and actress who so long and worthily served the public on the stage now serve it again in another way, and with almost equal distinction. The book, from beginning to end, is full of interest and entertainment, and it is, moreover, of much serious importance as a contribution to the history of the Stage during the last two decades. The story is told by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in turn. Mrs. Bancroft opens with some chapters to herself, in which she tells of her parentage, her early struggles on the stage, her first successes, and her earliest meeting with Mr. Bancroft. Taking up the narrative there, Mr. Bancroft rapidly gives us a sketch of his early years up to the same point, and then the husband and wife join in a duet through the remainder of the pages. Mrs. Bancroft tells a good story, then Mr. Bancroft chimes in with an anecdote or a bit of narrative, introducing letters from distinguished men, and reminiscences of great actors dead and gone. It is an effective form of narration, and we do not remember to have seen anything exactly like it before. Both husband and wife early had a strong taste for the drama, which in Marie Wilton's case was inherited from her father, who was an actor. When quite a child Marie Wilton went upon the stage, and a cheerless, hard-working childhood she declares her's to have been. She played Fieance to the Macbeth of Macready during one of the farewell performances of that great actor, and won the genuine praise of the proud man, who gave her a glass of wine and a guinea. It was in burlesque (as many still remember) that Marie Wilton first distinguished herself, and it was years before she could abandon this form of entertainment, and give herself a chance in comedy. Very pluckily she undertook, in partnership with the late Henry Byron, the management of the little house in Tottenham Street, once known as the Queen's, and subsequently as the Prince of Wales's Theatre. In narrating the fortunes of that famous little house Mr. Bancroft has a large part, and the enterprise was certainly one of the most remarkable in modern theatrical annals. The tale is told with fulness and modesty. In the course of their career as managers Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft came in contact with all kinds of distinguished persons, and of many of these we get glimpses and anecdotes. Letters from Dickens, from Mr. Ruskin, and many other eminent persons occur often. Actors, it is said, are the vainest of mortals. If it be so, there is little trace of the infirmity in these pages. The story is told with modesty, good taste, and discretion. The only pages which at all approach dullness are perhaps some of those in which Mr. Bancroft dwells upon his Continental tours; to those opinions open to question are some of those on literary subjects, such as the value of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies. But, take it altogether, the book is admirable. Every one who cares at all for the stage will read it, and no one who begins it will put it down until the last page is turned.

"The Story of Creation," by Edward Clodd (Longmans), is an excellent book of its class. "As for the work as a whole," says Mr. Clodd, with fit modesty, "there is probably not a new fact in it;" and that is certainly true. There is nothing in the book that is new to those who have read Darwin, and still less to those who have read Herbert Spencer. The use of the book is that it has put the pith of the reasonings of both these writers in a concise and popular form, presenting the conceptions in a simple, untechnical manner, such as is done in no other book. It is a kind of Liebig's essence of Darwin and Spencer. But to produce even such a book as this demands full knowledge of their works, and a good deal more besides. Mr. Clodd shows that he has the knowledge requisite. He has read and thought much, and he has the power to give out clearly and forcibly the results of his studies. The book is carefully planned, and very



Australian journalistic enterprise is no less conspicuous in the country districts than in the large cities. There are scores of provincial towns in the colonies which in England would literally be designated villages, which, nevertheless, possess their weekly or bi-weekly papers. A town of three thousand inhabitants almost always has its two bi-weeklies; while the capitals of the more important provinces may have as many as four, five, or even six organs of





STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND, NO. X.—HOLDING A PROCLAIMED MEETING AT SEA  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



public opinion. Almost immediately that gold or silver is discovered in any new district, the newspaper pioneer is on the ground with his press and his types as soon almost as the shaft-sinker, and the storekeeper. His printing-house, editorial room, and the rest may all be included under the cover of a tent, but he generally comes to time punctually on publishing day, and the paper itself usually makes up in go and energy what it may lack in the finer literary graces. An Australian country editor can "spread himself out" in a fashion not surpassed even by his American brother. If the gold-field is a success, and becomes a permanent settlement, the enterprising newspaper man will probably be rewarded for his pluck and tact; if the digging is, speaking literally, a "flash in the pan" only, publisher and editor (one person frequently combines both offices) must seek fresh fields and new pastures. And, *apropos* of pastures, it is really the pastoral and agricultural districts in Australia, rather than the auriferous, which afford the most favourable arenas for journalistic adventure, the communities in the one case being of a more substantial and permanent character than in the other. Some of these are really creditable specimens of provincial papers. In New South Wales alone there are one hundred and fifty country and suburban journals.

To such as are in any way interested in the progress of the newspaper press throughout the world, it is curious to read of the difficulties which barred that progress in the early days of Australian journalism. The *Sydney Morning Herald* and the Melbourne *Argus* are now about as completely equipped in regard to all mechanical appliances as it is possible for a newspaper, at the present date, to be. The cable, the telegraph wire, the mail-ship, and the railway, are their handmaids, just as much as though these journals were published in Fleet Street. But little more than thirty years ago the means of securing all kinds of intelligence, not merely local, were of a much more primitive and cumbrous sort. At that time the *Herald* possessed a life-boat, manned by a stalwart crew, and carrying a special reporter, whose duty it was to waylay every English vessel before entering the Sydney Heads, and secure the earliest home news for the columns of the newspaper. In rivalry with the representatives of other journals, the *Herald's* boat would in this way sometimes row many miles outside the harbour entrance.

In like manner, when the gold discovery brought the first streams of population to Victoria, the Melbourne *Argus* was accustomed to keep a store-ship out in the bay, manned by a crew of fourteen men, a steward, a cook, and the newspaper's representative, who maintained an unrelenting watch for the long-wished-for home vessels.

This year New South Wales has celebrated her centenary. Salvoes of self-congratulation and paeans of praise have ascended from every quarter over the material and intellectual advancement made by Australia during these fruitful hundred years. The note of exaggeration, which was inevitable under such circumstances, may readily be pardoned to this young and buoyant daughter of the Mother Land. And among the many and various sources of congratulation which Australia may legitimately indulge in, it is doubtful if there be any whose title in the general praise is more valid and indisputable than the progress made by the Colonial Newspaper Press.

R. R.



"THE BLACKSMITH OF VOE," by Paul Cushing (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is one of those provokingly clever novels which seem to miss their aim by dint of their own cleverness. The cleverness is undeniable, but it is too apparent: one feels that the author is doing better justice to himself than to his reader, his characters, or his story. Possibly this is partly due to a considerable dash of the manner of Charles Reade—a manner the success of which is a secret which died with its inventor. However, for a novel to be undeniably clever is a great deal, considering what novels for the most part are. Mr. Cushing has thought and read as well as written, and has evidently more than mere personal experiences to draw upon, so that his novel has considerable pretensions to rank as literature. Its grand fault is failure to secure interest. Of course, it is best in many novels, as in all plays, which are founded on a secret, that the reader should be admitted from the outset behind the scenes. But novels differ from plays in this respect, that the rule is not universal. It does not apply when the secret itself, and not its development or its consequences, is the principal thing. Now as soon as Mr. Kneebone, in Mr. Cushing's work, is identified with Abel Boden, that is to say at a very early page, every particle of curiosity as to what will thenceforth follow is satisfied. Even the least experienced of readers knows enough to foresee the general drift of what must needs follow, and that is especially unfortunate, inasmuch as, if he forthwith closes the book, he will lose an unusual amount of pleasant descriptions and piquant observations.

*Apropos* of secrets in fiction, Mr. Richard Proctor's "Watched by the Dead," though not itself a novel, must logically be considered among novels. It is a study of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and develops the further course and solution of what he thinks would have been among its author's masterpieces with triumphantly successful ingenuity and subtlety. His method is as clear as it is convincing. Starting with the theory, which he amply illustrates, that every novelist has a single leading idea running through all his works in varied forms, he obtains that of Dickens, and applies it to "Edwin Drood," which he then examines in microscopic detail by the light of external, as well as of internal, evidence. Finally, he reaches a splendidly dramatic, and by no means obvious, conclusion with almost scientific precision. No doubt many of his suggestions have been anticipated by instinct, but Mr. Proctor's merit is that he proves them, and makes them, step by step, the foundation of others. Everybody will do well, by the light of his *brochure*, to read the fragment over again. But even the most dimly-remembered perusal will suffice for the enjoyment of what is, in its way, a masterpiece of entertaining criticism, and with many high imaginative qualities of its own.

"The Lindsays: A Romance of Scottish Life," by John K. Leys (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), deals, not with the historic family of that name, but with the complications which arose from a bequest to the Free Kirk of half-a-million sterling. It may be as well to add that the Free Kirk never got it, because the testator's bad nephew forged a later will, by which the good nephew finally benefited, knowing it to be forged. We confess we cannot quite comprehend the conduct of that good young man in refusing to benefit directly by the forged will, but letting what was not his due come to him by the death of the forger. However, it seems to be considered all right; and if the novel be, as we judge from much internal evidence, a youthful author's first, Mr. Leys shows no inconsiderable promise. It is badly constructed—indeed, very badly—and he has no notion of rendering his women sympathetic, not even his heroines. But, none the less, the novel contains many good things, the conversations especially being often excellent, and the description of student-life in Glasgow being very good indeed. There are also many signs of capacity for real thought, which alone is to say a great deal.

For some reason or other fiction is very busy just now with Florida. "A Flight to Florida and All That Came of It," by

"Peregrinator" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is not, however, calculated to attract emigrants to "The Land of Flowers." Charming and flourishing as he describes the country to be, its people, according to his account of them, are intolerable, and especially the women, vulgar and stupid practical jokes seeming to be as plentiful as oranges. "Peregrinator," it is true, compensates for what is, we trust, only a dull caricature by attempting most inappropriate tragedy at the close of it; but that is only one proof the more that he has still to learn his business as a writer of fiction.

Kathleen O'Meara's hideously-named "Narka" (2 vols.: Bentley and Son) is interesting as a story, and contains some well executed pieces of ideal portraiture. No doubt her Russia and her Russians are out of the conventional form, and differ, *toto calo*, from the Russia and its people of native novelists. But English readers will like it none the worse for that; and those who have been wading through the recently imported quagmire of Russian fiction will find the old lines of treatment too refreshing to quarrel with them for want of realism and of local flavour. The principal interest centres upon Narka herself—a study of infinite capacity for self-sacrifice, resulting in the usual reward obtained by such natures: that is to say, an eagerness on the part of everybody else to grant their capacity infinite indulgence and opportunity. Not that the faintest note of cynicism is found in Kathleen O'Meara's exceedingly sympathetic portrait of a thoroughly noble nature supremely unconscious of its own nobility. Nor are Narka's friends and contrasts, Sibyl and Marguerite, less excellent in their very different ways. Sibyl, especially, is so well drawn that, though her field of action is limited to small things, such depths and potentialities as she has for harm are rendered even more interesting than if they had been called into play. The male characters are of the usual hazy, feminine pattern. Still, they fully serve their purpose as supernumeraries; and, altogether, the novel must be classed as very distinctly above the average.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A CURIOUS new industry is springing up on the coast of Dalmatia, and it is considered to be of enough importance to receive official sanction and protection from the Government of that country. It has been born of some experiments which have been carried out during the last few years by M. Oscar Schmidt, a Professor of the University of Graz, in Styria, who has elaborated a method of planting pieces of living sponge in suitable spots, and leaving them to grow until of sufficient size to become marketable. In this way he has, at trifling expense, obtained in three years large and valuable sponges. Particulars concerning this new industrial enterprise are given in the *Board of Trade Journal* for April.

In the recently published "Philosophical Transactions" for 1887, there is a paper by Professor Carnelley, Drs. Haldane and Anderson, dealing with micro-organisms and other constituents of impure air, which represents a great addition to our knowledge of that subject. These experimenters have actually computed the number of organisms in given quantities of air in schools and other buildings under different systems of ventilation, and in one-roomed, two-roomed, and larger dwelling-houses. The occupiers of these places had no notice of the coming of the inquirers, and therefore their results were arrived at under ordinary conditions. In the one-roomed tenements a pint of air was found to contain at night sixty organisms. In the two-roomed tenements their number sank to forty-six; and in the larger houses only nine organisms were contained in a like quantity of air. We presume that in these cases windows were rigidly closed, with that superstitious-fear of *night air* which is so common to nearly all classes. But now let us see what this difference in the proportion of micro-organisms really means. In the one-roomed dens the death-rate of young children was nearly four times as great as the death-rate in the larger four-roomed houses. The experiments referred to were made at Dundee, and doubtless similar results would be obtained in any other large centre of population. The Board Schools and other educational buildings were also subjected to the same kind of inquisition, and here some very valuable information was obtained as to the best system of ventilation. In forty-two of these buildings fires, open windows, and openings in the roof were in use (which system is described as natural ventilation), but twenty-six of these schools were heated and ventilated at the same time by a system of fans blowing hot air into the rooms, the vitiated air being taken off by shafts at a lower level than the fresh supply. This method of ventilation was proved to be far superior to the other, for an examination of the air showed that the carbonic acid contained in it was three-fifths, and the micro-organisms only one-ninth, of what were found in the air of schools ventilated by the more ordinary method. The authors of this valuable paper consider that the impure air of schools not ventilated by this mechanical system, acting upon children imperfectly fed and clothed, may have much to do with that *over-pressure* of which so many complaints were heard a short time ago. They plead that the expense of such a method of ventilation is counterbalanced by the reduction in the amount of cubic space necessary for each scholar.

Professor Chandler has lately written in one of the medical papers his opinion concerning the patent medicines of America. He believes that nine out of ten of these proprietary medicines are frauds, pure and simple, and says that he is pretty sure that if he were to pound up brickbats and spend a hundred thousand dollars in offering the compound at a dollar an ounce, as a sure cure for some disease that cannot be cured, he would get back at least ten thousand dollars over and above that sum for his trouble.

Another new explosive, which is said to present many improvements upon its predecessors, has recently formed the subject of experiments in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales. The new compound is called carbo-dynamite, and is the invention of Mr. W. F. Reid and Mr. Borland. It will be remembered that ordinary dynamite consists of nitro-glycerine, with twenty-five per cent. of an absorbent earth called Kieselguhr added to it. The mixture is merely a mechanical one, and is for the purpose of turning the liquid nitro-glycerine into the more convenient solid form, and also to obviate certain risks to which the original explosive is liable at very low temperatures. The absorbent earth is itself non-combustible, and acts simply as a convenient sponge. In the carbo-dynamite, the kieselguhr is replaced by an extremely porous kind of carbon—the new explosive consisting of ninety parts of nitro-glycerine to ten parts of carbon. The addition of a combustible absorbent to the glycerine is said to much increase the power of the explosive. But other advantages are claimed for carbo-dynamite. It does not part with its glycerine in the presence of moisture, as will ordinary dynamite. It gives off no noxious fumes after explosion—a very important point in underground workings; and it can be used safely in fiery mines. In the experiments referred to, the greater power of the new explosive compared with ordinary dynamite was clearly established; and as its cost is no greater than its prototype it is likely to come into common use for mining and military purposes. With a one-ounce charge nine inches of steel rail of great thickness were blown out. A large boulder of sandstone was shattered by a two-ounce charge. A one-ounce cartridge exploded on a disc of steel made an indentation half an inch deep; while an equal charge of ordinary dynamite, on a similar disc, resulted in a concavity of only half that depth.

The direct separation of oxygen from atmospheric air by Brin's process, and which has already been described in these columns, is

leading to many improvements and modifications in the arts. Messrs. Brin have themselves patented an improvement in the bleaching of fibrous materials employed in the manufacture of paper. In this case, the advantage of a cheap oxygen supply is well illustrated. The pulp required to be bleached is placed in a churn fitted with revolving beaters, and while agitated in this receptacle, is treated with a mixture of oxygen and chlorine gases, which gases have been exposed to the influence of electricity, to form chloro-ozone. Any gas which escapes from the churn, and which has not been utilised in bleaching the pulp, may be employed to revivify the oxide which has been used in producing the chlorine gas employed in the process.

Another use to which the oxygen produced by the Brin process can be applied has been demonstrated by Mr. Fletcher, of Warrington. It has long been known that the oxyhydrogen blowpipe flame gives a heat which is only second to that of the electric arc. The trouble and danger of preparing oxygen has hitherto limited its use, but now that that gas is supplied in a compressed state in portable steel bottles, this form of blowpipe is sure to become a common tool in workshops. A fractured rod can be welded by its aid without being carried away to a forge; and many such like repairs to machinery can be done where this new tool is available. A hole can be melted in a thick iron plate in a few minutes—a hint which burglars might take advantage of, if it were not that the blowpipe is very noisy in its action.

In a report recently laid before Parliament the British Consul at Barcelona furnishes a number of further interesting particulars concerning the Ramie plant, whose fibre is equal to, and in some respects superior to, flax, hemp, and jute. In conjunction with wool and silks the ramie fibre produces a tissue more durable and with a better gloss than mixtures of cotton and silk. It is well adapted for the manufacture of string and thread, and it is said that much of the thread sold in England as silk is in reality ramie. The new material will take various dyes successfully, and there seems to be no end to its applications. The Consul goes so far as to believe that the cultivation of the ramie plant will, in certain parts of Spain, extirpate the vine, as being far more profitable. This will be better understood when it is mentioned that the plant produces three harvests in the year, that it requires little labour in cultivation, and that the machines already in use are able to render it fit for marketable purposes.

T. C. H.



MISCELLANEOUS.—For a series of easy pieces for the pianoforte, with instructive foot notes, composed and carefully fingered by S. Claude Ridley, "Little Jewels" is the collective title of six named after various gems, "Children's Pleasures" are called after games (Messrs. Ransford and Sons).—By the same composer is "The Holiday Series" of very easy pieces, twenty-four of which have appeared. Some of these are by the children's friend, Smallwood (W. Marshall and Co.).—A third series by S. Claude Ridley is "Floral Bouquets," a series of elementary and attractive melodies for the pianoforte (Messrs. Wood and Co.). These pretty trifles will prove useful to the teacher, and please the juvenile pupil. It would be well if the composer would select a publisher and keep to him, instead of dividing his patronage between three.—There is nothing new in "Technical Exercises for the Pianoforte, on the Deppe System," by C. A. Ehrenfechter. "Fairest of All Waltz," for the pianoforte, by Maria Lehfeldt, is a simple and pretty waltz, with no claim to originality, which is often an advantage where dancing is meant (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—The same may be said of "Wedded Love Waltz," by Mrs. Ronald Taylor (Frederick Pitman), and of "Les Jolies Filles Gavotte," by Julian L'Estrange (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day).

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"LOVE TRIUMPHANT: a Series of Sonnets," by Fred. Henderson (Jarrod and Sons), is decidedly above the average of such productions generally. "A Day Together," "My Sun," and "At Her Window," are pretty, and contain a good deal of pleasant fancy,—the second named especially so.

We really do not understand the greater part of "Songs in Ziklag," by Allen Upward (Swan Sonnenschein); the author seems to have a great yearning after something or other, but it is difficult to say whether it is Ella's love, or Irish autonomy, or what. When he speaks of "the iron blush that was not ashamed," would not *brazen* have been a better epithet under all the circumstances?

It is stated in the preface to "Free Field: Lyrics Chiefly Descriptive," by R. St. John Tyrwhitt (Macmillan), that many of the pieces have already appeared in the *Cornhill* and other magazines; they were, certainly, worthy of reproduction in a more permanent form, as all are graceful and scholarly,—notwithstanding some slightly eccentric rhymes,—and some are very good. Of the Oriental poems we prefer "The Fords of Jordan;" of the others "The Daughter of Mycerimus," the piece from the Hungarian, and "Bendemeere Stream,"—only, is Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt aware that, in spite of Moore, that traditional river is a raging mountain torrent? "Glory of Motion" is a remarkably good hunting-song.

"Ixora: a Mystery" (Kegan Paul) is fittingly so styled. It is all about a mysterious Jewess, burned by the Inquisition, who declined to lie quiet after death, and was somehow connected with a Bristol pawnbroker, in whose house the author discovered traces of her history. He was mistaken for the devil by the pawnbroker's grandmother, who promptly died, presumably of fright, and must have been a singular adept at shorthand to take down so much of the mystical manuscript. The narrative is given partly in prose and partly in verse; Ixora's own attempts in the poetical line suggest a prophetic anticipation of the style of Tate and Brady, but we cannot quite understand why the Spanish authorities burned the poor thing, as she seems to have been a good Christian enough.

"Sertum, a Song-Garland" by H. Hailstone (Cambridge: J. Palmer), has some good stuff in it, though, perhaps, not quite up to the mark of former recent work; we hope the author is not writing too hurriedly. The poems have the same distinctive features which have before won our praise—love for antiquity, intense love of nature, and musical diction. Amongst the best are "The Wren," "The Snowdrop," "Black Hellebore," and "Helen Carnegie," which last would, we think, have borne expansion, and made a good ballad.

We have also to acknowledge from Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co., Limited, the first volume of a handsome re-issue of "The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspeare," edited by Charles Knight. This will be welcome to many who do not possess the original. Especially as the price, six shillings per volume, brings it within the reach of all; it will be completed in eight volumes; and ("Canterbury Poets Series") "Australian Ballads and Rhymes," &c., selected and edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen, a very good collection, to which we referred when recently publishing Gordon, the Australian poet's, portrait, and which should have interest for all lovers of poetry, whether home-dwellers or colonists.





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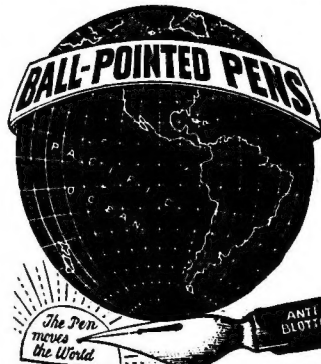
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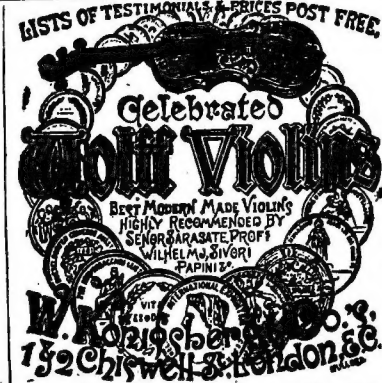
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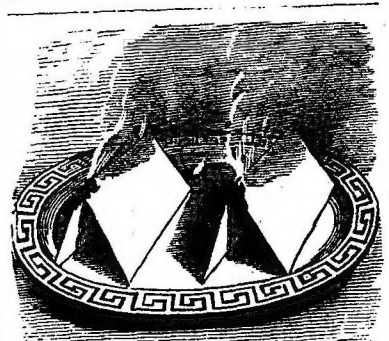
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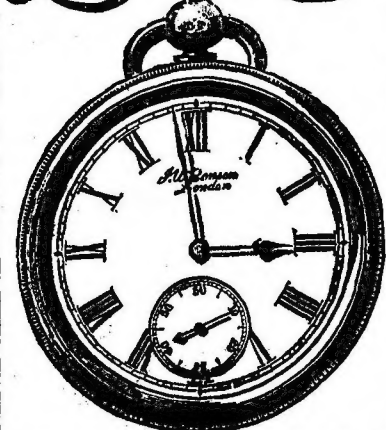
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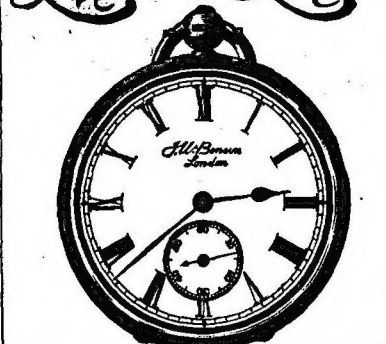
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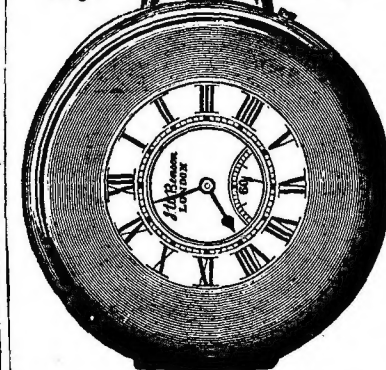


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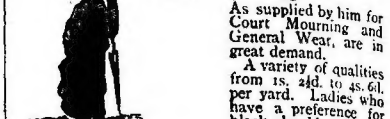
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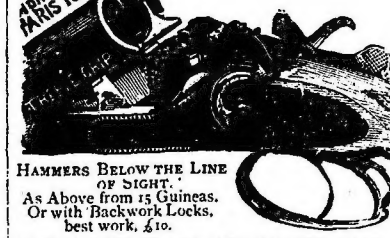
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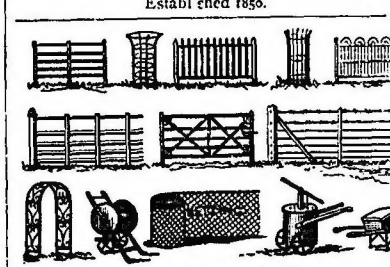


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